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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 618 SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1924 TWOPENCE

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

The Dismal Jimmies

by

Robert Blatchford

Within this bottle is Whisky without equal

WHEREVER you see a bottle that has "brambles" and "dimples" lighting up its countenance with pride and pleasure you may be sure that you and genuinely old whisky are at last face to face.

The name of this whisky is Peter Dawson and it is the product of generations of experience in the art of distilling, blending and maturing.

No grasping financial interests have seized hold of "P.D" and prematurely aged it. It is a naturally old whisky. Whisky grown old by the slow count of years.

The respect due to old age, not to mention your palate, demands that you try "P.D"

It's easy to say "P.D"
It's hard to get better Whisky

PETER DAWSON LIMITED *Distillers*
82 Great Clyde Street, Glasgow. *London Office:* Lion House,
29-30 Tower Hill, LONDON, E.C.

Should you find any difficulty in obtaining "P.D" send your cheque for £7 10s. od. to Peter Dawson Ltd., who will forward you a case of 12 bottles through their nearest agent.

'P.D' is the whisky you can't drown

RHEUMATISM CURED
WITH TWO 1/3 BOTTLES OF VIK-WIK.

Wonderful Testimony of a London Sufferer.

Sirs,— Tottenham. I have for many years suffered with severe Rheumatism. At times the pain was really agonising. Sleepless nights began to make me feel really ill, and the pain seemed to increase. I noticed your advertisement, and purchased a 1/3 bottle. To my astonishment the pain ceased upon the first application, and I spent a restful night, the first for many weeks.

I can honestly say that two 1/3 bottles of Vik-wik have cured me, when the pounds I have spent upon other preparations had failed.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. E. DENNIS.

INSTANTLY KILLS PAIN.

Everyone suffering pain should try the quickest surest, and safest way of obtaining immediate ease. This is the VIK-WIK way. No matter how the pain is caused, whether by Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Synovitis, Cramp, Sprains, Bruises, or by any kind of muscular strain, VIK WIK is the finest pain-killing curative liniment known. VIK-WIK stops irritation in a remarkable manner. Chilblains and Burns yield to its soothing effects at once. VIK-WIK is something different, something better than anything else. It succeeds where everything else has disappointed.

If you suffer from any kind of pain go to your Chemist and get a bottle to try.

In 1/3 bottles
LARGE FAMILY SIZE 3/

Sold by Boot's (600 Branches), Taylor's, Timothy White's, Selfridge's, Harrods, and all Chemists and Stores.

VIK-WIK
THE FAMILY LINIMENT

Instantly Kills Pain of

Rheumatism	Sciatica	Sprains	Nerve Pains
Neuralgia	Lumbago	Strains	Chilblains
Gout	Cramp	Backache	Bruises, etc.

VENEREAL DISEASE.

The Danger of "Stopping Treatment."

Many sufferers from Venereal Disease get so "tired of treatment" that they cease to attend the doctor or hospital. But the germ does not get tired; it burrows into the deeper tissues, and grave surgical operations are often the result.

Other sufferers imagine they are cured because the visible symptoms disappear for the moment; only to break out afresh later on in perhaps an aggravated and more dangerous form. One cannot get rid of the germ by pretending it is not there; the microscope sees better than the human eye; the doctor knows better than the patient.

No sufferer is safe until he or she has been discharged by the doctor as cured, and any interruption of treatment may delay the cure for months or years and lead to dangerous complications.

Those who are in doubt or difficulty may write to the Hon. Medical Secretary, National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 108P, Dean Street; Oxford Street, London, W. 1, where free information can be obtained in strict confidence.

Five useful booklets for Parents, 1s. 4d. the set, post free; six useful booklets for Girls, 1s. 8d. the set, post free; seven useful booklets for Young Men 1s. 4d. the set, post free, can be obtained from the National Council.

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new, vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Harding. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Hellier when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

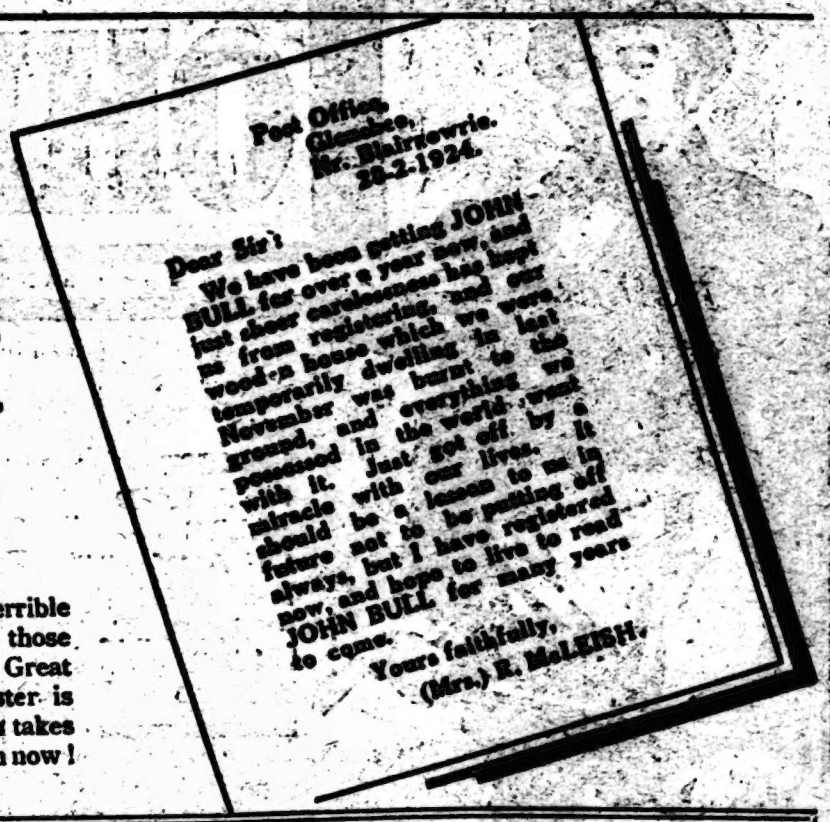
Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain Ltd., 2, Percy St., (53 B.W.) London W. 1.

JOHN BULL'S FREE INSURANCE GIFT.

The Fatal Delay

"Sheer carelessness kept us from registering."

The letter opposite illustrates the terrible consequences that sometimes overtake those who delay registering for "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift. The time to register is NOW, before Fire, Accident or Sickness takes its toll in *your* home. BE IN TIME—sign now!



Post Office,
Glenshee,
Nr. Blairgowrie.
28.2.1924.

Dear Sir,

We have been getting JOHN BULL for over a year now, and just sheer carelessness has kept us from registering, and our wood-en house which we were temporarily dwelling in last November was burnt to the ground, and everything we possessed in the world went with it. Just got off by a miracle with our lives. It should be a lesson to us in future not to be putting off always, but I have registered now, and hope to live to read JOHN BULL for many years to come.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) R. McLEISH.

What JOHN BULL Gives

FIRE.

£400 — against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1,000 — in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire at registered reader's home.

£500 — in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250 — or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 PER WEEK maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

ACCIDENTS in HOME & GARDEN

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£250 — loss of life.

£250 — loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125 — loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

£300 — loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300 — loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.

£100 — loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100 — loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£300 — loss caused by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.

£300 — loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1,000 — in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery, if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 — or £250 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10 — Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

£6 PER WEEK for both or £3 per week for either up to 6 weeks for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

SICKNESS BENEFITS.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£5 5s. — for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax, and Tetanus (or Lockjaw). These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS.

£250 — in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing—

Football, Tennis,
Cricket, Hockey,
Golf, Lacrosse,

as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING.

£250 — If the reader be accidentally drowned while on a pleasure boat on, or bathing in the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath; providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or lifesaver, and that in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. Stamps. Don't send envelope. A certificate certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

J.B. 15/3/24.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date.....

J.B. 15/3/24.

PRESENTATION COUPON.

"John Bull" Pen Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2. Please send me the John Bull" Pen, the FREE Gift of 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil packed in the Golden Presentation Box. If I keep same I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (which includes pocket clip and postage), otherwise I will return in new condition within three days from receipt.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

State if broad—medium—fine nib (cross out those not required). If remittance is sent cross cheque/P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." J.B. 15.3.24.

SEND NO MONEY!

17/6 Pen for 5/-

and a

2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE!

both packed in the Golden Box.

First see this bargain—but ere parting with any money. Compare the Pen with those selling at 17/6. Note the fine workmanship of the FREE 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil. Offer limited. Send to-day.

A Self Stropping Safety Razor Set complete for 2/6

Millions more can now afford the luxury of a keen shaving edge every day

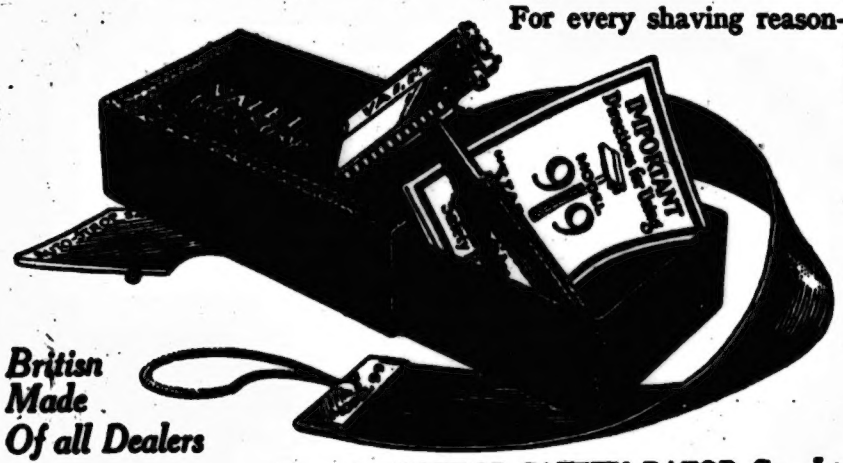
Good News Indeed!

A new razor built in a less expensive way on the well-known "VALET" model, with the self-stropping principle that is now famous throughout the world, for half-a-crown!

In it is the same service as in the Guinea "VALET"—it strops its own blades.

A touch and it springs open ready to be stropped or cleaned. A few seconds on the strop and its blade has a brand new edge every morning—as good to use thirty days hence as it was to-day.

For every shaving reason—for comfort, efficiency, economy, and speed—whether you spend a guinea on the "VALET" de Luxe or half-a-crown on its more modest brother, you must shave the "VALET" way.



British Made Of all Dealers

"VALET" Auto Strop Safety Razor

The AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR Co., Ltd., 197-207, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.
And also at Paris, New York, Milan, Sydney, Dublin, Toronto, etc.

Skin Rashes and Eczema

All Eruptions, Rashes, Skin Sores, Blemishes, and Skin Disorders of all kinds are Soothed and Healed by GERMOLENE.

Mr. Cyril Munn's Statement:

In a letter from the **Bowling Green, Hanley Castle, Worcester, Mr. Cyril Munn** says: "I feel it my duty to write and thank you for the benefit I have received from the use of your wonderful Germolene. Six months ago a rash appeared which spread nearly all over my body. I tried everything I could think of that would be likely to effect a cure, but all to no purpose. At last, however, I was advised to give Germolene a trial, and now I am pleased to say I have got rid of my trouble completely. In fact, I am so pleased that I tell everybody about it."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH.

HOME PRICES: 1/3 and 2/-. Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.

Use Germolene for

Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

DRINK AND USE MORE MILK.

Pure milk is a necessity for everybody—from infancy to old-age. For safety's sake use

NESTLE'S MILK
THE RICHEST IN CREAM

If unsweetened is preferred get IDEAL MILK

Be your own Printer!

Cut out the heavy cost which makes so many of those little printing jobs too expensive to be worth while—do them yourself, just as well, and at a fraction of the cost.

AUTOMATIC SELF-INKING

PRINTING MACHINE

THE MOST COMPACT PRINTING PLANT IN THE WORLD

A wonderful machine with all the advantages of far more elaborate and expensive plant—yet costing barely one tenth the price. It is capable of turning out *any* form of printed matter, from a chemist's label to an illustrated magazine, including perforation, creasing, and box making. Price includes type, case and all accessories, with well illustrated booklet, "Printing for the Novice." Full particulars, with samples of work, posted on receipt of stamped addressed envelope. Write to-day.

The "ADANA" AGENCY (Dept. J.B.3)
34, King St., Twickenham, Middlesex.

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

To all sending now for particulars of the Self-Inking Automatic Printing Machine—a neat metal box containing a quantity of useful plain gummed labels.

WRITE NOW TO THE FACTORY
SEND A POSTCARD TO-DAY for H. Samuel's beautifully illustrated
FREE BOOK!
OF 3,000 BARGAINS
It's packed with amazing factory-price bargains in Jewellery, Watches and Plate, with lists of splendid
FREE PRIZES FOR ALL BUYERS.
FREE BOOK OF 3,000 BARGAINS
526
Handsome Diamond Cluster Ring, £26.
NICKEL POCKET WATCH. Fine Keyless Movement, 12 months' warranty, splendid timekeeper.
10/6
H. SAMUEL
102, MARKET ST., MANCHESTER.

BIKE BARGAINS
From £5-5-0 cash
I offer you the pick of COVENTRY'S BEST CYCLES, on 14 days approval. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. First instalment secures immediate delivery. Satisfaction or Money Refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Write for FREE BARGAIN LISTS NOW.
2/6 WEEKLY.
the O'Brien
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER
242 27 COVENTRY.

Himrod's ASTHMA CURE
The standard remedy for over 80 years
Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc.
AT ALL CHEMISTS
4s. 6d. a tin

SPRING COSTUME 9/-
FOR
and balance by instalments of 11/- monthly.
Graceful Costume all wool Gaberdine of soft French make. Panels of frills on each hip terminate in a band of Egyptian embroidery, which is also echoed on the collar. Low priced at 79/-.
Write for patterns and booklet, "Chic and Serviceable Modes."
All Goods sent on receipt of First Payment.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. All garments made to measure.
LEACH & HARDY,
(Dept. J.B.) Brown St. MANCHESTER.

DISEASE is not inevitable

A GREAT stride was taken upon the road that leads to true health when Lister realised that the immediate cause of most bodily disorders is to be found in a septic condition of the system. Logically upon this followed his conclusion that

> "When we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally without risk of injury to cell-tissue we shall have conquered infectious disease."

FOR more than half a century the production of such a substance was considered an impossibility. Everything tried was poisonous and fatal to life. But my antiseptic, 'Yadil,' showed at last that the problem could be solved. Seven years of medical experience prove that it fulfils all the conditions of the ideal antiseptic, since it is effective in practically the whole range of microbic disorders, and never causes the least injury to the most delicate cell-tissue.

GIVEN at the very first appearance of symptoms, it masters such dangerous troubles as pneumonia and diphtheria in one day, whooping cough in two days, influenza, measles, and all fevers in from 24 to 36 hours, malaria in two or three doses, bronchitis and pleurisy, coughs and colds, catarrh and enteritis in a short time. As a dressing for wounds, it prevents blood-poisoning. It would stamp out tuberculosis in three years, provided it were used, together with the diet prescribed, in all cases of consumption, and taken in all disorders known to predispose the system to tubercular infection. 'Yadil' truly opens up a new era for the health of mankind.

'YADIL' has for ever destroyed the belief that disease is inevitable; that there is no easy, simple and certain way of ending consumption, pneumonia, bronchitis, colds, influenza, measles, and other dangerous disorders; that to destroy poisons in the system more virulent poisons must be introduced into the blood-stream; that we suffer from hundreds of disorders, whilst, in truth, most of our diseases are merely symptoms of one common trouble, internal infection. Thousands of victims can now be saved by the timely use of 'Yadil.'

MORE important, however, than 'Yadil' is my demonstration that disease is not natural to Man, but is of his own making. Internal infection would seldom develop if we lived according to the laws of Nature. I explain this fully in THE YADIL BOOK. The three chapters—What is Disease? Causes of Disease—Doctors and Disease—should be read, discussed and explained in every home and school. The new generation would then have a chance to learn how to live without disease, and reach old age free from pain and infirmities.

Alex Clement

A copy of THE YADIL BOOK will be sent, post free, to any home or foreign address on receipt of 2/6—or you may get it from your chemist.

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC

'Yadil' Antiseptic is prepared by

Clement & Johnson Limited Research Medical Chemists 19 Sicilian Avenue London W.C.1

Liquid	2 oz. 2/9	6 oz. 4/9	Pint 12/-	Quart 22/6	
Pills	50 2/9	150 4/9	500 12/-	1,000 22/6	
Ointment	1 oz. 1/9	4 oz. 5/-	**Pastilles (for the Voice), per tin 1/-**		
Lubricant (for Chapped Hands) 2 oz. 1/6. Powder (for the Toilet) per tin 1/6.					

Of all Chemists and other Stores, or sent direct, post free, on receipt of remittance. For abroad, add 3/- for extra postage and packing. Excess money will be refunded.

The word 'Yadil' is registered.

W.B.P

Pronounce it YAH—DIL

STAINLESS CUTLERY
GRAVES
Complete service of 42 pieces, £3:5:0 (without case). The finest Stainless Steel Knives with ivory-grained handles, Columbian Silver Spoons and Forks. Wear white all through. Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, balance 5/- monthly. Money back if disappointed.
5/- NOW
CATALOGUE of Sheffield Cutlery, and 1,000 Stainless Specialities. 80. Post Free.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

CUCKOO! CUCKOO!
28/6 Cash.
32/6 Credit.
4/- Monthly.
This offer places within your reach this most handsome CUCKOO CLOCK, in solid oak, 15 in. high, with carved Battlement, Turret, Gothic Doorway and Guardrooms on either side. Turret mounted with flag where the cuckoo calls the hours and half-hours day and night. Price 28/6, easy terms. You send
ONLY 4/6 TO-DAY
and promise 4/- monthly after delivery. It is a pretty clock your friends will admire, amuse the kiddies, and a useful ornament for your home, and a true timekeeper that will give you 20 years' service. Send 4/6 for one now.
Full Satisfaction or Deposit Refunded.
MASTERS 83, Hope Stores, RYE (Est. 1869.)

2/6 Weekly
is all you pay for our No. 620A Model "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled; fitted in colours and packed free carriage paid on
15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled mounts. Tyres and accessories 20-30% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for testimonials and films, cut catalogue.
Cash or Easy Terms £5 5s
CASH
Cycle Company Ltd., (Dept. B267), Birmingham.

Earn BIG money at
ADVERTISING
and Salesmanship. Developments. In these highly-paid professions there is good Permanent Employment, or you can start in business on your own account. One advises quite nothing. This may be your opportunity in life. Don't miss it. Write now. Dept. A31, The Regents College, Sheffield

GRAMOPHONES
Best value in the World.
GRAVES
5/- NOW
Hornic's model with polished Oak Cabinet (16½ x 16½ x 39½) Powerful Silent Met. Worm Driven Motor. Finest quality Sound Box. Price £3:10:0
Delivered to approved orders for 5/- now, balance 7 monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied. Money back in full if in any way disappointed.
SAVA' GUIDE of new Models (Horn and Hornless) Post Free.
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Forming for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' Counter lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary prices. Big profits on City Wholesale Catalogues free. — W. Kemp's Warehouse, 49, Thomas Street, Manchester.

£5 Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Harris, 91, Edmundsham, London, W.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Street, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only). Best Bus.—H. H. Cleaver (Dept. Y.B.), 98, High Street, Manchester.

PANTS.—Stouts Lengths.—Wholesale List free. Assorted parcels 20/-, 30/-, 42/-. Guaranteed satisfaction.—Goldstone's Warehouse, 8, High Street, Manchester.

HOSIERS! DRAPERS!—Do you know where to purchase the best goods at lowest prices? Free Catalogue and Price List now ready.—Dept. B. M. Rosen, 6a, Piccadilly, Manchester.

LADIES' Frocks, Blouses, Jumpers, Hosiery, Raincoats. Send for free Price List. — F. MEADE (Dept. B.), 68, Market Street, MANCHESTER.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH

CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to PEAKMAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

CHEAP, reliable goods and Agencies offered to enterprising Traders by Continental Manufacturers. Particulars 2d.—Messrs Service Agency, 34, Billiter House, London, E.C.3.

SPARE-TIME Agency.—Add to your income by selling Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Bicycles, etc. Cash or credit. Highest com. Men in regular work apply for particulars to Sharmans, St. Albans, Herts.

AGENCY (Spare Time) offered to energetic and reliable men, regularly employed, to sell Drapery, Clothing, Boots, etc. Liberal commission. Cash or Easy Payments.—(Dept. J.), Ashby, 32, Friar Lane, Leicester.

AGENTS, spare-time, make 30/- or more easily per week.—Write, Modern Supply Co., 35, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

DOES £1,000 A YEAR TEMPT YOU?

Trained Salesmen earn it. So can you. Employers are urging for men who are masters of Scientific Salesmanship. You, in your present job can learn the Science of Selling in spare time at home, under Britain's Foremost Exponent, Mr. Wallace Attwood. You risk nothing—a position awaits you at the end of the Course, a congenial life in the ranks of the world's most highly-paid profession. Don't dally with opportunity, send straight away for intensely interesting book, The Profession of Salesmanship. No obligation. Write for it to-day.—The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College, 29 T., Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Electricians, Wireless Operators, Power Station Tradesmen and Fabric Workers; also Tailors for training as Fabric Workers. Age limits: Ex-Service men, 18 to 30; non ex-Service, 18 to 26; ex-N.C.O.s up to 28 years. Pay from 21/- to 68/6 per week on enlistment, and all found. Allowance for wife and children if men 26 and over. Write, stating age, or call: Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Hearietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, or R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, 41, Church Street, Birmingham; 166, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; 129, Victoria Street, Bristol.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 80 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 150, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small ...tay of 20/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars, E. Lovaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Hounsditch, London.

BUILDING a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by Authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

800 EVERYDAY Money-making Opportunities.—Contains 150 Spare-time Employments, 41 Money-making Schemes (small capitalist), 250 Trade Secrets, 150 Patent Medicine Formulas, 1/6, post paid. — J. & B. Wilms, Stockton, Rugby.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest. from 2½d. Write for free 1924 patt. bk. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

BEDSTEADS, WALL PAPERS, CUT PRICES! Newest Patterns in Metal and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots etc., Furniture, bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home (carriage paid) in perfectly new condition. Send postcard to-day for illustrated Price Lists. Discount for cash or by monthly instalments. Established 25 years.—Charles Riley, Desk 16, Moor St., Birmingham.

BILLIARD Table to fit on your dining-table; also Billiard and Dining-tables; beautiful designs, all sizes, 4 ft., 5 ft., 6 ft., 7 ft., 8 ft. and 9 ft., cash or easy monthly payments; also Full-size Tables; repairs executed; Billiard Sundries supplied.—Free List sent on application to E. J. Riley, Ltd., Kingswood Works, Accrington.

BILLIARD TABLES.—New and second-hand; all sizes and makes. Bargain list free.—JELKS, 283-375, Holloway Road, N.7.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 2/6 per 1,000. Memos, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples 2d. postage.—Mead & Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

WRITE for samples of Cloth, Costume or Suit; also Boots, Watches, etc.; easy terms, from 4/- monthly. List free.—Masters, Ltd., RYE.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s

HAROLD LLOYD Horn-rim Spectacles. Real American Style. Handsome finish. Clear white lenses. Great fun for Parties, Dances, Theatricals, Carnivals, 2/9, post free.—Francis and Co. (J.B.), 16, St. George Street, Norwich.

OLD English Lavender Beads. Beautiful Reptilon Necklace. Distinctive, Becoming. Lasts for life. Delight or refund. 3/6, post free.—Gregory, 30, Hartford Rd., Newtown, Huntingdon.

GARDENING.

10 FOR 10/6, cr. pd.—English-grown Roses. List free. Shallots, 14 lb., 7/-, cr. pd. G. A. A. Fertiliser, 5/- cwt. 64-pg. Cat. free. Pedigree Seeds, Bulbs, Roses, Fruit Trees.—ELLISON, 4, West Bromwich.

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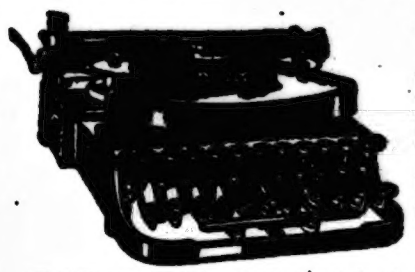

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This new departure has been made in response to a widespread demand. There are many enthusiastic disciples of the "little daily dose" who do not wish to lay in a three months' supply all at once. After all, one-and-ninepence is not always handy just when you want it. Now, with sixpenny and shilling bottles on sale, there's no need either to worry the chemist into opening a bottle or to put up with little packets of Epsom or Glauber, which cannot possibly do you the same good. The smaller bottles contain just the same wonderful Kruschen as the 1s. 9d. bottles. The only difference is that they contain fewer doses.

Not One Salt but Six

Listen by all means to the man who goes about saying that Epsom and Glauber are "just the same" as Kruschen. Listen—and then gently put him right. Tell him that both Epsom and Glauber are *single* salts only, and therefore perform but a single function; they are aperients and nothing more. But Kruschen, and Kruschen only, is a blend of *six different salts*, each of which is necessary to the body's health. Read out to him the names of these six salts which you will find printed on every bottle—the Sulphates and Chlorides of Sodium, Magnesium and Potassium—and explain to him that each of these six salts has a different part to play in purging the body of all waste matter, in purifying and refreshing the blood and in bracing up the whole system.

Tell him, too, that he can no more get "that Kruschen feeling" from a packet of Epsom or Glauber than he can get intoxicated on a bunch of grapes.

It's the little daily dose that does it!

If *you* haven't yet formed the healthy Kruschen habit, start now taking that tiny tasteless dose in your breakfast cup of tea. Every day you need it to put yourself right with Nature, to correct the ill effects of the artificial life you are forced to lead, to banish depression, headaches, undue fatigue, indigestion, "nerves," constipation—to say nothing of rheumatism, gout and other ills caused by impurities of the blood and derangement of the inner mechanism. Remember—*it's the little daily dose that does it.* Every chemist sells Kruschen at 6d., 1/- and 1/9 a bottle. Go and get a bottle now and begin the healthy Kruschen habit to-morrow. You'll feel many years younger before you are many days older.

Kruschen Salts

Now in three sizes—6d., 1/- & 1/9 bottles

Vol. XXXV. No. 913
Week ending Saturday
March 15, 1924. Twopence

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *&* *the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth

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Telephone: Gerrard 9855.
Telegrams: Hebdomadal, London.

A Troubled Existence.

It is possible to give a fairly shrewd guess at the length of life the present Parliament will enjoy. We should not be surprised to see a General Election in the autumn.

Challenging the Party Machine.

We predict that the Bill to enfranchise women at twenty-one will become law. It is the inevitable consequence of manhood suffrage. If it results in humanising politics, the country will be the gainer.

They Said They Had.

We are getting tired of waiting for some solid plans for ending unemployment. Has the Government any scheme, or is it just drifting—in the hope that something will turn up?

The Usual Excuse.

The Premier says the moment is "not opportune" for an international conference on the limitation of armaments. Why not?

Everybody's Business.

The League of Nations is bound up with the Versailles Treaty. If Europe *agrees* to revise the latter, the former will live. Otherwise it dies.

The Price of Peace.

No man of common-sense disputes that the Treaty must be revised—either in peace or war. Let it be revised in conference before it is too late.

The Lady or Riga!

An attempt is being made to get the Communist Party to come inside the Labour Party. It would be far wiser publicly to dissociate the Labour Party from Communism and all its work.

As We Said.

Despite newspaper scares you can take it from us that the Singapore folly is dead. There will be a fight, of course, but there will be no naval base.

Itching Palms.

At the prospect of a Budget surplus elaborate plans for spending it are forthcoming. Mr. Snowden's duty is plain. Reduce taxation and listen to the taxpayer instead of the departments.

Consistency!

The *Daily Mail* says "a reduced income-tax would do more than any system of loans or grants." Three months ago it was shrieking for a £1 per acre subsidy for farmers. Well, well!

Endless Vistas.

The War Debt is £7,500,000,000. If we pay interest at the present rate for twenty years we shall have paid £8,000,000,000—and we shall still owe the whole of the debt.

It's Not Funny.

While the British taxpayer pays £15 18s. per head, the French taxpayer escapes with a mere £6 18s. 2d. And we are paying interest on the money France owes us! No comment could excel the bare facts.

What About Ours?

And we are still paying for the Napoleonic Wars. Such crazy finance will not do any longer. When the question of war debts is considered, our own must not be forgotten.

Money Still Talking.

Belgium's revolt against French obstinacy has had a speedy effect. France sees isolation ahead and is prepared to seek terms of settlement. The franc has a louder voice than M. Poincaré!

Reversing the Engines.

Having stopped purblind economy in education Mr. Trevelyan foreshadows big expansion. He is justified. We can no longer afford to lag far behind America in brain production.

To what End?

Next year no less than £5,719,000 is to be spent on "Middle Eastern Services." In plain language, wasted in Palestine and Mesopotamia. When are these millstones to be discarded?

Sanding the Machinery.

Brick makers want more pay. Builders want higher wages. The price of building materials soars. And it has nothing to do with the Government's housing scheme of course!

The Two Rings.

We have no patience with such hypocrisy. Mr. MacDonald must redeem his promise. Let him break the building rings—*both of them.*

Protection's Loophole.

Much State money will be distributed under the new Trade Facilities Bill. There is every prospect of abuse by the "rings," and we intend to keep our eyes very wide open indeed.

Somebody Plundered.

When flour goes up, bread prices go up. When flour comes down, bread prices—stay up. It may be business: we prefer to call it robbery.

The Red Light.

Canadian farmers are demanding a lowering of the tariffs. A hundred and twenty shiploads of wheat have come to us from Russia. That's why!

Inadequate Safeguards.

The Harnett case has shocked the public conscience, and nothing but an enquiry into the Lunacy Acts will satisfy it. Of the 130,000 persons now in asylums, how many are lunatics?

Pot and Kettle.

To the financial syndicate busily engaged in exploiting the Sudan, Britain has guaranteed another three and a half millions. After this it ill becomes anyone to wax indignant over the American oil scandals!

We've Had Some.

The failure of the United States to make a success of its State owned shipping is significant. The politician in his own line is bad enough. When he goes into business the result is chaos.

Pointing the Moral.

Another railway company has shown a striking increase in passenger and goods traffic as a result of reduced rates. But these are still far too high. The time is ripe for further decreases.

The Single Taxers.

The interest of taxpayers in Land Reform is borne out by our post bag. If the Government is blind, Lloyd George isn't. Watch his "come-back" with a great Land Reform stunt!

Phew!

America has thought better of the outrageous proposal to send all second-class passengers to Ellis Island. The protests of the whole world against this unsavoury scandal are beginning to tell.

Now for Action.

The Donald Committee's proposals for ending the Imperial Wireless deadlock should be promptly accepted. Facile Empire communication must no longer be blocked by monopolistic intrigue.

The New Diplomacy.

Whitehall officialdom is shuddering at the Premier's habit of conducting delicate diplomatic negotiations by personal letter. For our part we welcome the attempt to meet human problems in a human way.

A War Relic.

The Conference of Ambassadors is a relic of the war machinery that needs relegating to the scrap-heap. The world would be the safer for its disappearance.

Perpetuating Idiocy.

There is to be no tax on betting. It is to remain illegal and all the old anomalies will continue. And people will continue to have their little "flutter" just the same!

The Menace of the Mines.

April 17 should be marked in red on the Prime Minister's calendar. On that day a million coal-miners will strike unless, in the meantime, common-sense asserts its sway. Here is a signal test of the efficiency of the Labour Cabinet.

Britain's Disgrace.

Britain and Germany share the unenviable distinction of being the only countries where miners are worse off than before the war. There is an overwhelming case for justice—let the owners see to it.

Prohibitive Prices.

The late Government raised the prices of official publications 30 to 800 per cent. above pre-war charges. Will Mr. MacDonald find time to bring them once more within the reach of the ordinary taxpayer?

To Stop Cruelty.

There is likely to be a considerable increase in the number of mines' inspectors. The terrible scandal of the pit ponies should now be decisively tackled

At Last.

The Offences Against the Person Bill introduced by Mr. C. G. Ammon proposes to remove from the category of murder the killing of a new-born child by a mother distracted by the ordeal of child-birth, a just and humane reform for which we were the first to plead.

A Preliminary Inquiry.

Without waiting for the report of a Royal Commission on the Lunacy Laws, the public would welcome a statement as to the methods of choosing Commissioners in Lunacy. The blunder in the Harnett case is to cost the taxpayer £20,000.

Sport!

At Morden, on the outskirts of London, rabbits are still being torn to pieces alive in the name of sport. The spectacle to be witnessed every Sunday for a fee of one shilling is wholly disgusting and has no redeeming feature. Why does not the R.S.P.C.A. promote a Bill in Parliament and so put an end to an abomination which revolts every decent mind?

Love's Young Dream.

Feeling as light-hearted as any young couple, two aged inmates of the Hammersmith Institution—Thomas Boxall, a widower (80), and Mrs. Annie Elizabeth Lawrence (68)—have just been married, the chairman and members of the Board being present at the ceremony. Thomas, who says he was determined to marry his second love, is now the happiest man in the Institution. So long as the heart is young, what does age matter?

"Till Death Do Us——"

When Mrs. Sarah Rachel Foreman, of Sunderland, spoke to her sick husband, whom she had been nursing for some weeks, and got no reply, she concluded he was dead. The man was still alive, however, but the poor woman was so upset that she went to bed and died immediately. Her husband passed away two hours later without knowing of his wife's death. And so, even in death, they were not separated.

Lured to Ruin.

Mad infatuation for a serpent-eyed schoolmaster of the name of Atkinson, in the Wallasey district, is responsible for Mabel Gertrude Thomas, a nurse, occupying a prison cell. Wanting a situation she advertised, and Atkinson replied, and lured her to ruin. The money she had he led her to waste on him, and to supply his further needs to steal and forge. In the end he left her to pay—as he did when he took her away for week-ends. Such rascals dishonour manhood.

When Women Must Work.

The wife of a Glasgow reader who had been out of employment for a long time bravely determined to go out to work herself to help to keep the home together, and feed and clothe the children. She got a job in some well-known local tea-rooms, where she has to work twelve hours a day in order to earn fourteen shillings a week. We wonder what Mr. Wheatley, the Minister of Health, who represents one of the Glasgow divisions in Parliament, thinks of this.

From Prison to Charity.

That our campaign against the heartless methods of the Ministry of Pensions has behind it the tears of the neglected maimed is shown by such episodes as that of James Willis, of Finsbury Park, wheeled into court to answer a charge of begging. For him Mr. Morrison, M.P., said that the man had received a 100 per cent. pension which had been whittled down to nothing, and the pension pundits even took away the poor chap's invalid chair. The new Minister is going "to look into the matter." We hope he does so *now!*

A Voice from the Sea.

The waves washed a bottle ashore at Cheekpoint, near Waterford. Inside it was found a scrap of paper inscribed "O God have mercy on me. Jack Burns. Sinking now. Send to Waterford. She never rounded——" Jack Burns was a seaman on the steamship *Formby* torpedoed by a German submarine near Waterford in December, 1917, with the loss of fifteen souls. Jack Burns' comrades in the Merchant Service now walk the streets shipless, their places taken by cheap coloured men. Need we point the moral?

"Go to the Workhouse."

We have heard of some magisterial bumpkins, but they have a Chairman at Ware, Herts, who takes the bun. "You must not talk about the war. You must go to the workhouse," this particular Solomon told two brothers, Walter and Leonard Muncer, who, unable to obtain work or shelter in the country they had served in both the Boer and the Great War, were charged with sleeping out. He advised them to go to London, where there *was plenty of work*! Ass!

Still Running.

The farce with the longest run on record is that of Chinese Deportation Order. Hundreds have been made as the result of dope and other scandals, but the orders executed are only numbered in scores and even then some of the banished ones return.

A Prisoner's Right.

Whenever a prisoner in custody is likely to be charged with the murder of a person whose body is to be exhumed, his legal representatives have a clear right to witness the gruesome event. A solicitor's recent protest in this matter merits the attention of the High Court.

The Crooks' Gate.

To cope with the expected rush of "crooks," this year on account of the Wembley Exhibition, the police are maintaining strict watch at the ports where foreigners land, but they have overlooked what may be called the special Crooks' Entrance. No restrictions are being imposed on landing in the Irish Free State. There is nothing then to stop them crossing here. Will the authorities see that this Crooks' Gate is closed at once?

Too Proud to Beg.

When the London census officers took the tally of the homeless one bitter February night they found 61 men and 217 women wandering, "most being persons of a class who are generally reluctant to seek help." And what are the authorities doing about the 217 women? We recently pointed out the scandal that there is no place in London for a pure destitute woman to lay her head. Foodless and footsore, authority condemns them to the pavements.

The Human Machine.

HOW TO CONCENTRATE (2).

By E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

WE saw last week that the creation of interest is the essential starting-point for concentration.

Concentration—or paying attention—is an ability that can be cultivated to any extent. In other words, it can be made into a habit.

Like any other habit, it needs constant practice if success is to be attained.

Here is a simple way of giving the habit of paying close attention the daily practice that is needed to establish it firmly.

Everybody can manage to find a spare half-hour for reading. Use this as your practice ground.

Forget about that enthralling novel you wish to read. You can find another odd half-hour in which to enjoy that.

Reading novels involves no effort anyway. It is interesting, and automatically holds your attention.

Choose instead, some book in which you are not interested. Take, for example, a solid book on economics, history, politics.

For half an hour a day force yourself to read it, and force yourself to follow its arguments.

Bring your will power into play, and hold your attention to its task in spite of all temptations to the contrary.

It will not be easy—at first. Habit formation is never easy in its initial stages.

Make a rule never to miss a single day.

And having made the rule—stick to it.

Gradually you will find your self-appointed task growing easier.

And there will come a day when you will find it needs no effort at all.

For your constant attention to your subject will have brought an unexpected reward. You will find yourself interested in it.

Having become interested, you will need no further spur. And, incidentally, you will have substantially increased your knowledge.

Rewarding the Finder.

Mr. Thomas Barr, a Manchester working man, picked up in a tram an envelope, opened it and found £335 in notes. He hastened to the police station where he was told that Mrs. Box, wife of a haulage contractor, had lost the packet. She gave him £35, thus proving that she has a proper idea of the value of honesty. Too often poor men who have found and restored valuables at their own expense have been "rewarded" with a few coppers.

Long Hours with Lunatics.

Nurses, male and female, employed by the Surrey County Mental Hospitals Committee have to work from six in the morning till eight at night. Such long hours with lunatics are not good for anybody, and it does not add to their contentment to know that in neighbouring institutions under the Control of the Metropolitan Asylums Board and the London County Council the staffs enjoy the privilege of a forty-eight hours week. What says the Chairman of the Committee?

The New Borstal.

At the Kent Borstal Institution 240 happy boys witnessed an entertainment by the Arts League of Service Travelling Theatre, and at the end of the performance almost lifted the roof with their cheers. A few years ago such a happy scene would have been unthinkable. As we pointed out last week there has been a change of heart at Borstal. We are proud to have borne our part in the work of reform which has transformed a brutal discipline into a genuine effort at the redemption of erring youth.

True Temperance.

Listen to Miss Elisabeth Williams, secretary of the Women's True Temperance Committee: "There is no reason why the public-house should not become the club of the working-classes of both sexes, where good, wholesome refreshment of all kinds is available, and where drink is only part of the entertainment." There speaks the cool, sweet voice of reason in pleasant contrast to the ravings of the Prohibitionists. That the public-house should be mended, not ended, is the common-sense view.

Pastors and Fasters.

A number of clerics, including the Chaplain of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, have issued an appeal for more fasting in Lent. Perhaps we may be forgiven if we invite these reverend gentlemen, who extol hunger as a saving grace, to spare a thought for the millions who fast, more or less, all the year-round because food is dear and money scarce. What is the Church's message to the poverty-stricken masses? The exhortation to fast may be a wholesome doctrine for Dives, but for Lazarus it is a solemn mockery.

Dishonoured in Death.

James Mortimer was a stalwart Sergeant-Major during the Great War, but he was a physical wreck when he was discharged from the Army. His small pension eventually ceased, and he ended his days in St. Asaph Workhouse. When his remains were carried to the cemetery at Abergele there was not even a grave opened ready to receive them. Apparently nobody knew anything about the friendless pauper, and the coffin had to be placed in the mortuary until the following day. Who was responsible for this dishonour to an old soldier?

A Thousand per Cent.

The poor are always with us, and the money-lending fraternity who batten on them thank their stars that they are. A poor woman from Greenwich who was forced to approach one of these usurers, because of her husband's idleness through an accident, is now paying interest at the rate of 2s. per week for 10s. borrowed, equivalent to 1,040 per cent. for the year. When she appealed to the magistrate against this Shylock's weekly visitation for his pound of flesh, the cadi sized up the matter as "wicked extortion." But why in the name of all that is just do our legislators not put a ban on such thieving?

Table Delicacy.

In the Southern Police Court, Dublin, Edward Bowers, of 19, Dean Street, was fined for depositing beef for sale which was unsound and unfit for food. The case was brought by the Dublin Corporation, and in the public interest, but not reported in the Dublin papers. Why?

Selling the Workshops.

Twenty-six tiny workshops in Albert Buildings, Bethnal Green, have been resold by the landlord, and the men who get their livelihood at making furniture are to be given a week's notice to quit. A hundred men are threatened, and there is nowhere else where they can make the goods that bring them in their daily bread. The new landlord must be taught to study his tenants.

Wake Up!

More than five years after the war merchant-seamen torpedoed during hostilities are still awaiting settlement of their claims for compensation, and can obtain nothing from the Government Department concerned but formal acknowledgments of their letters and repeated assurances that "the matter is receiving attention." Someone seems to be enjoying a nice long sleep.

The Spoil Sports.

The racecourse gangs are feeling very sore over the drastic revelations of their iniquities in our columns. The usual procedure of the bully, when he is upset, is to take it out of somebody else. At Cardiff the other day a gang of racecourse rascals beat a bookmaker with sticks and then threw him out of his office into the street and walked away. If the police see it in JOHN BULL they have got to take it seriously.

A Job for the B.O.T.

It has just been stated at the Board of Trade that nothing is known of a reported proposal to appoint a Committee to investigate the affairs of a number of cotton-spinning companies "reconstructed" during the after-war boom. But very little investigation in and around Oldham should convince the Department that there is more than sufficient cause for enquiry.

A Financial Mystery.

It is refreshing to know that moneylenders sometimes get kicked. The other day J. Roberts, Ltd., was fined at Marlborough Street £5 and £2 costs for failing to disclose the names of its directors Samuel Stern and John Meerlo. This concern advertised to lend from £30 to £20,000—and its subscribed capital was £2! Did the directors propose to borrow from Peter to lend to Paul?

Methylated Mugs.

Caterers for depraved appetites have lately been reaping a rich harvest in the towns on the western fringe of the Clyde valley, and now sunny Rothesay has fallen into line. The traffic in methylated spirit is rapidly undermining the morals and well-being of the weaker-willed of the seaside resort. Victims to the obsession are repeatedly being discovered in a state of prostration, but they observe a strict reticence.

"All that Glitters . . . . . "

There is an army of parasites now circularising people on the "dazzling" prospects of a new gold and silver industry in Canada. Mines are apparently being discovered like stones on the roadside, and many unsuspecting people here are being induced to subscribe towards the capital required to work them. We warn our readers to be careful. If a gold-mine was suddenly discovered in England, would we have room, in the rush, for investors from Canada?

Another Broken Blossom.

Poor Violet Payne, who was sent to jail the other day for being an addict to cocaine, is yet another white girl lured to ruin by the treachery of the Chinese dope gang. Her friends remember her in the days, not so long ago, when she was an actress with great possibilities, charming and quite untroubled by the drug menace. The figure she presented in the dock, haggard and worn, astounded those who knew her, and may well deter other girls from risking her wretched fate.

The "How" in "Houses"!

Willesden Council houses are costing the tenants 25s. a week, the State £60 per annum each, and the local ratepayers a rate of one penny in the pound! Meanwhile there is already a waiting list of about 2,000 prospective tenants for the Government's promised 9s. a week houses. How are they going to do it at the price?

Wong Lung's Rage.

Nine months' hard labour, to be followed by deportation, for an offence against an Altrincham girl under sixteen, proved so little to the taste of Wong Lung that he fought like fury in the dock at Chester Assizes. This celestial laundryman is such a dirty man morally that rather than let him launder our clothes we'd prefer them washed by Britons, thank you!

Dilly and Dally.

The dilatoriness of the War Office in paying its debts is very seriously hampering the cause of better education at the University of Birmingham. During the war the University was taken over by the authorities as a hospital. The governors claimed £70,000 compensation, and of that amount £10,000 is still unpaid. It is time the War Office was putting on a little more speed.

The Vamp.

Margaret Williams laughs at the law. Most of her thirty-two years have been used up in battening on men and ruining them. In 1921 she was sentenced for bigamously marrying Brig.-Gen. de Lancey Williams, before that she obtained thousands of pounds by fraud, and now she has been sentenced to four months' hard labour at Bournemouth. When the summer is here she'll be out ready to diddle other people.

Problems of Life.

AS WE GROW OLDER.

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

BERTRAND RUSSELL says envy is the besetting sin of middle-age.

The man who has passed the meridian of life without achieving much, is apt to take a jaundiced view of the deserts of those who have done better.

Many natures find a wretched satisfaction in speaking ill of what they cannot emulate, and the habit grows with the years.

An ancient writer has stated, with appalling insight, that there is something in the good fortune even of our best friends which is unwelcome to us.

Though not universally true, we can discern instances of the working of the bad spirit thus indicated in almost any circle.

Listen to a group of elderly men talking and observe how readily the note of depreciation enters into their comments upon such of their contemporaries that have distanced them in the race for success.

A disappointed man can all too readily become misanthropic in temper and acid in tongue.

The attitude of the older to the younger generation partakes too much of the same characteristic. It is so between father and son more often than is generally thought.

To envy youth its day of opportunity is an accompaniment of the older man's reluctance to let go the helm or take second place.

Envy is the meanest of the vices and kindles hell in the heart.

Yet it can be expelled in a moment, without a struggle, by the simple perception that there is nothing enviable that is not obtainable.

The more we know of one another the more clearly we realise how little happiness has to do with outward gain and loss.

We carry our good about with us, and an essential part of it is the power to rejoice in our neighbour's joy.

Look Further Afield.

The Home Secretary has moved through the usual channels with an invitation to the French authorities to help in dealing with the pestilent print publishers working this country from Paris. But what about the German end of the business? And the home end of it? Not all that is vile in the lithographic line comes from abroad.

The Last of Winter?

We are still receiving complaints about Frederick Winter, formerly of 334, Goswell Road, London, E.C. The police say they would arrest him if anyone applied for a warrant. Many people would apply for a warrant if they knew where Winter was to be found. If the police care to look for him in the public-houses of Bermondsey they may find him without any delay.

Hard Luck.

While in the employment of a local firm of drapers, Mrs. Hilda Abbot, of Paddington, was falsely accused of stealing pieces of silk, being marched about by police-officers and kept for several hours in custody. Subsequently in the King's Bench Division she recovered £500 damages, but in the Court of Appeal this judgment has been reversed and now she will get nothing at all. Worse still, she has her employer's costs to pay. The only satisfaction remaining to her is that her honesty has been completely vindicated.

Telling the Tale.

Describing himself as "Author and Inventor," Percy Lloyd, of 95, Addison Road, Guildford, claims to have been honoured by Royalty in connection with "Tell Them How We Die," "Hiding From Charity," "Silently Starving," and other stories. He also calls himself "The Punter's Friend," and invites people to send him 7s. 6d. for a system of backing horses. He says his simple instructions will enable anyone to beat the bookmaker with a shilling stake. We must look out for another sobstuff series from his pen entitled "Broken Bookies." But not yet awhile.

The Agent Who Isn't.

Business firms in the North of England, the Clyde valley and Glasgow in particular will do well to refuse deals with William Allan Lee, a crook with many aliases, who purports to have an extensive business in the Argentine, and who declares himself ready on the terms of cash down to accept an agency for the sale of goods in that country. This plausible scoundrel has already duped several houses whose long experience ought to have kept them from falling to his tricks of forgetting his obligations and decamping with money and goods entrusted to him for sale. We hope this rat will be early trapped.

A Blind for the Blind.

Describing himself as "Sole Proprietor of the Guaranteed Greatest and Most Marvellous Remedy in the World" for eyesight troubles, Aaron Leggett, of Elm, Wisbech, Cambs, makes the preposterous claim that "Many Blind People get to see again through it after one month's treatment," and suggests that he has cured cases of blindness of forty-two years' standing! Those who write for particulars receive a long farrago of illiterate rubbish inviting them to send him three shillings. One might as well put green goggles on a donkey and expect him to fatten on firewood.

A German Swindler.

Beware of the wiles of a German swindler named A. Wacker, of Weimar, who advertises in English newspapers and offers a discount of 60 per cent. owing to the depreciation of the mark. A reader sent him £1 for a sample parcel of goods, but could get no acknowledgment or any reply to numerous letters asking for delivery. The matter was reported to the Weimar Chamber of Commerce, who replied that many complaints concerning Wacker had been received, and that the only remedy was a criminal prosecution. That is not much consolation to a struggling small trader.

Openings for Oil Kings

GUSH and grab seem to be indissolubly associated with American oil land propositions, but the newest adventure of the plot-peddling fraternity, which strangely synchronises with the latest Yankee graft scandal, surpasses all its predecessors in gush, and, we venture to think, in grab.

There has sprang up, mushroom-like, a concern called British Allied Estates, Limited, with offices at 113, Kingsway, London, W.C. It was registered as recently as February 9, with a nominal capital of £5,000.

This must not be taken to mean that the promoters were risking £5,000 of their own good money in the venture. So long as they could find the rent for suitable offices, a trifle of £2 subscribed by a couple of clerks was sufficient to enable them to commence operations with all the dignity of a limited liability concern conferred upon charlatans and crooks by our antiquated laws in return for a small payment.

British Allied Estates, Limited, at once got busy—the rent, of course, had to be paid, and they must get the money somewhere—and flooded the country with circulars, extolling the advantages of investment in oil land plots in far-away Arkansas.

It would appear, from the gush which they disseminate, that our American cousins, having more money than they know what to do with, are stretching hands across the sea, begging Britons to share their good fortune.

They send you a sheet in the form of a newspaper, bearing the title "Arkansas Oil-Lands News," setting forth in romantic detail the fortunes made by Choctaw princesses and factory girls who get their frocks from Paris and drive their own motor-cars as a result of lucky speculation in oil plots.

Apparently, all the wampum ladies and servant girls are as mighty as money can make them in the Land of the Almighty Dollar, and you may as well have your pick of what is left.

You buy your plot for £5, and here the game of grab begins. The sellers pocket eighty-five per cent., and fifteen per cent. is deposited in a bank for geological and development operations. If your plot gushes oil, you get fifty per cent. of the proceeds, forty per cent. is divided on a co-operative basis among other plot-holders, and the British Allied Estates Limited take the rest.

Should you ask the names of these philanthropists, we will tell you. The directors are named as M. E. Druker, 49a, Pall Mall, London, S.W., and Albert E. Hagger, 5, Harwood Mansions, St. John's Hill. If this conveys nothing to you, we may mention that Hagger was the Secretary of the Cambrian Trust, Limited, a concern which we have repeatedly exposed.

It appears to be nothing but the old ramp under a new name, and if our readers are wise they will avoid the proffered glad hand.

Cupid's Sleeping Partner

THERE'S nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream. Here is a story throbbing with the amours of a gay lad of seventy. But the rough road of love proved too much for bare-footed Cupid. Handkerchiefs ready, please!

THE course of true love does not always run smoothly. There are many people who are quite aware of this distressing fact, and some of them make a living out of it.

The people who run matrimonial agencies are a case in point. They have devoted themselves to the high task of bringing together, for a fee and commission, people who, for one reason and another, have not found their right partners in life.

To the shark looking for a woman with money, whom he hopes to plunder, agencies of this kind sometimes provide exactly the opportunities he wants and would otherwise find it difficult to get.

Scores of these agencies exist in London and the provinces, and one of them has actually been run by a notorious criminal who started it after coming out of jail, where he had served for violating a child.

Comedies, no less than tragedies, must punctuate the day's work in a matrimonial agency. One of the best known, one which has already been referred to in these columns, is run by Mr. R. Charlesworth, of 26, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C. He claims to run his business on very superior lines, and to have been established for over half a century.

After we criticised him some time ago he invited us to inspect his testimonials, an offer we declined. But we know a good deal of his business from dissatisfied clients.

One of them is an old gentleman of seventy years of age. Love laughs at locksmiths, says Shakespeare; and apparently it is equally contemptuous of Father Time. In any case the old gentleman, having reached the psalmist's allotted span, thought it was foolish to delay any longer in seeking for a bride.

He consulted Mr. Charlesworth, who, with helpful and encouraging kindness, took four guineas from him and told him that the mere fact that he was seventy, complicated by the further obstacle that he was slightly deaf, need not necessarily prove an insuperable handicap.

So, in his frosty but kindly old age, the septuagenarian lover got a list of addresses, presumed to be those of gracious and affectionate creatures, who wanted someone to love them, preferably with a little capital, and who did not object to slightly deaf, very amatory, bright and alert young fellows of seventy.

In any case, the early-Victorian old gentleman went to bed and dreamed love's young dream. Then he started writing to the addresses. But Cupid seems to have very little influence with the Post Office. Some of the letters came back marked "Gone away." Perhaps some older rival had forestalled him, some old Lochinvar who was not even slightly deaf.

Undeterred by the horrid thought that he might have been cut out by some gay spark of ninety, he wrote to all of the good ladies, in one of whom he hoped to find a shy, tremulous, loving and blushful bride.

Some of them disagreed with Mr. Charlesworth, and found the seventy-year-old lover a little too seventy-ish. One of them, an Irish colleen, sent back his photograph and indicated esteem but a preference for something a little more, shall we say, fifty-ish.

But another took the true Charlesworth view—that, as Tennyson says, "Old age hath yet its honour and its due." She was a widow, well-born and educated, and musical and domesticated, and very fond of home-life. She added, with a fine feminine touch of coy uncertainty, that she was "about fifty-five." No gentleman in the circumstances could ask a lady to be more precise.

They corresponded, with details of income and capital. By some mistake the lady thought that the old gentleman's capital was four millions, but it seems that it was only "about" four millions, being, as a matter of fact, four hundred.

A little later it appeared that the lady was in financial difficulties and wanted the gentleman to invest his money with her as well as his heart. Then the correspondence talked off from the sheer ecstasies of love into sordid details about her pressing arrears of rent, rates and taxes, and the pathetic observation, "What the issue will be I do not know."

Neither do we. But it will not be a marriage between August and December. The old gentleman has had enough and, like Alexander Selkirk, is to finish his journey alone, or, like Lord Rosebery, to plough a lonely furrow.

He is also trying to get his money back from Mr. Charlesworth. Failing in this, and not knowing the address of Cupid, he went to Scotland Yard, where they disclaim all knowledge of Cupid, but say they have heard a good deal about Mr. Charlesworth.

There we leave the sad story, because we feel that any further comment would spoil it. So long as there are ardent young hearts in this world, of whatever age, they are likely to go off the deep end when love and Mr. Charlesworth touch them.

The Mysterious Mrs. MacLaren

TRUTH, some wise person has said, is stranger than fiction. No more remarkable illustration could be given of this adage than the astonishing story of Mrs. MacLaren, whose exploits have been broadcast through the Press during the past few days.

It is a strange narrative, full of the element of surprise—to all except readers of JOHN BULL, who have been told all about this extraordinary woman from her first appearance—an unwilling appearance—in the limelight many years ago.

There are occasions when people wish to disappear from this world, or to seem to disappear. The police, of course, have to look into such cases. Mrs. MacLaren's exit was so carefully staged that it could not be overlooked.

She took a room in a Scottish seaside hotel, and walked out of it leaving behind her an empty medicine bottle, presumed to have contained poison (which, on analysis, turned out not to be poison), and her purse.

The next thing was the publication of an obituary notice in the newspapers, a posthumous act quite unusual with suicides. When mysteries of this kind occur, the police are bound to look into them because all sorts of questions may arise, such as insurance, and the right of the surviving partner in marriage to remarry, and half a dozen other matters referring to property and obligations.

If Mrs. MacLaren turns up again readers of JOHN BULL will not be a bit surprised. They know her as one of the most surprising adventuresses who ever dazzled the public and troubled the police.

Her story was first and exclusively given to the world over ten years ago in this journal. We exposed her as a humbug who posed as a débutante presented to the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. Her photograph in her court dress appeared in the society papers. She had been a familiar figure at Cowes, and had penetrated into that most exclusive of social coteries, the gatherings of the Royal Yacht Club. She was supposed to be a personal friend of the King and Queen, though there was no evidence that her acquaintance with His Majesty had any other origin or better basis than repeated appearances in His Majesty's police courts.

She has been frequently convicted for theft, and there is nothing sadder in her story than the fact that her husband, a wealthy gentleman, knew nothing of her record until he heard it read out in a police court at which she made an appearance last year.

A great many newspapers have sent representatives to inspect our files and to copy this story. They are welcome to it. For the protection of the public too much light cannot be thrown upon the vagaries of a clever designing impostor like Mrs MacLaren—or, as she was formerly known, without any right to the title, "the Honourable Miss Lloyd-Mostyn."

The Great Goggle Fraud

THE country is being flooded with articles claimed to be made of ivory or tortoise-shell, and huge profits are involved in the swindles. But there is a more dangerous side to this scandal. The substitute is highly inflammable.

IT is very ancient wisdom to mistrust the Greeks when they are bringing you gifts. The modern translation is to be very careful of goods imported from Germany.

The latest official statistics show an increase of German's exports to this country. We state here definitely that this increase coincides with one of the greatest and most scandalous ramps in the history of commerce.

The trade in tortoiseshell spectacles has, within the past few years, become one of enormous importance. The fashion for these cumbrous-looking glasses came to us from America, pioneered by the late Lord Northcliffe. To-day countless people are wearing them, some because they need them, and many because they think that it makes them look more impressive and more intellectual.

The Germans saw their chance and took it. They knew that tortoises, being proverbially slow animals, cannot multiply to win a race with fashion, and, being good chemists, they set to work to imitate tortoiseshell successfully and profitably, and fill the gap.

They have done it. They have produced a substitute which imitates tortoiseshell admirably. It is sold by Germans to people in this country, through whom it passes into innumerable trade channels, and finally reaches the shops where, in a very great number of cases, it is palmed off as real tortoiseshell.

The profits of this ramp are almost incalculable. Real tortoiseshell costs, wholesale on average, £8 a pound, and imitation stuff costs about 10s. a pound. The difference goes into the pockets of the exploiters. Even experts are deceived by this very clever imitation, and, where the experts are at sea, the customers are wrecked.

Nor is it only the bespectacled who are, as it were, done in the eye. The purchasers of tortoiseshell cigarette cases and manicure sets, dressing-table outfits and umbrella handles, and things of that sort, gladden the hearts of the poor Teutons.

A similar ramp is practised by a substitute for ivory, for which there is an enormous demand for billiard balls, stick and umbrella handles, and knife handles. There is also a large trade in supposed ivory statues and works of art, with which earnest-looking Chinese and Japanese merchants flood the country.

The substance of which these things are made is got from the tusk of that Old Bill of the Arctic Seas, the walrus. This product costs about a fifteenth of ivory, the balance being the profit of the relentless exploiters. They are not all slant-eyed orientals. A well-known West End firm recently gave a walrus order to fulfil an ivory contract.

But this is by no means the worst of the great substitute ramp. The country is being flooded with spectacle rims, described as imitation tortoiseshell, and made, not of the comparatively harmless German substitute, but of one of the most dangerous of all commercial commodities—*celluloid*.

This material, as everybody ought to know, is highly inflammable. Yet it is being unscrupulously exploited by scheming merchants who palm it off on traders, all up and down the country, as imitation tortoiseshell. Some of the stuff is so inflammable that a spark from a cigarette may set it ablaze, and destroy the eyesight of the wearer who has been so wantonly imposed upon.

Before us as we write we have a pair of imitation tortoiseshell spectacles, purchased from one of the biggest West End houses, which, on being brought into contact with a lighted match, burst alarmingly into flame. The wearer, who had paid a good price, was quite unconscious of the terrible danger to which he had been exposed, though he is a man of not less than average intelligence.

Most of this dishonest trade is carried on from the East End of London, where the stuff is peddled out universally to small shopkeepers and enormous profits are thus made. A favourite article is the imitation tortoiseshell haircomb, which has been the cause of many tragedies.

But in the cheaper shops even more dangerous articles are sold without any pretence that they are imitation tortoiseshell—such things as celluloid dolls, and scores of other toys for children. To allow these things to be played with by the fire-side is to run an appalling risk.

The trade has now increased to such an enormous extent that the danger is penetrating into almost every home in the land. The get-rich-quick fraternity is coining money and some of our biggest stores share in the swindle.

The public must protect itself. Those who buy tortoiseshell should get a written guarantee that it is tortoiseshell, which will give them a legal remedy if it is not. Those who buy imitation tortoiseshell should get a written guarantee that it is not celluloid, or inflammable. Things that are sold as celluloid nobody should buy unless they wish to take the risk.

It is only by putting this pressure on the shopkeepers that they will be frightened to buy the bogus goods offered to them by the sharks and rascals who are enjoying huge profits at the expense of honest traders and the lives and safety of the people.

Little White Slaves

EVERY mail from Canada continues to bring us letters of indignation from readers there, in regard to the treatment of British children on Canadian farms.

Recently it was our unpleasant duty to criticise the methods by which helpless children were bundled off to the Dominions, and, thousands of miles from the land of their birth, compelled to become slaves.

We appealed to the Canadian people to help us in the great task of probing the causes of the deaths of several English children on Canadian farms, and judging by the letters now reaching us, public opinion in Canada has been roused almost to anger.

What do the Canadian people say? They consider that in many ways their country is being made the "dumping ground," under official cognisance, for poor "unwanted" English boys and girls.

They give the Bulpitt case as a glaring example of official inefficiency, which, as they say, "places a square peg in a round hole."

Let us quote from one Canadian paper:

"Here was a boy of high calibre; head and shoulders intellectually above the average of his kind. His mental responses portraying an intellect of the first order, his schoolmasters took a more than passing interest in him, with the result that he was afforded the advantages of a secondary school education.

"He himself had stated that he wanted to be a clerk, which clearly showed how his mental impulses were guiding him to the choice of a career. That he should have been allowed to adopt that course for which Nature had evidently fitted him goes without saying.

"But, no. Red tape and Bumblebee routine decreed otherwise. In effect Bumblebee said: 'A dominion across the seas is starving for a population of farmers, and, clerk or no clerk, *You're going to be a farmer.*'"

There you have it. The result was that the poor lad committed suicide.

It is the height of stupidity to send any boy to Canada for the sole purpose of putting him on a farm. English parents who are lucky enough to map out the careers of their children, or at least to watch over them during the critical years, know only too well that you cannot force any child to follow an occupation for which he has little or no aptitude.

Let us quote again: "Canada wants people—a population of willing toilers. Canada does not want—and Canada must not accept—an adolescent population of unwilling workers, dumped into the country (in bondage) by specious organisations under the guise of charity—and under the camouflage of peopling the country."

Once again we ask, What do the authorities intend to do in this matter, which is not only disturbing the minds of people in this country, but becoming the source of great indignation to the Canadian people themselves?

What does Mr. Arthur Henderson say?

A Broken Career

BROKEN by officialdom, ruined by callous indifference, crushed and tormented against the iron wheel of a system which denies justice to its victim!

So far this has been the fate of the young Irish officer, Lieutenant C. H. Clendining, late 3rd Battalion, Royal Irish Rifles.

But even the amazing arrogance of the British War Office has not entirely compelled him to abandon his intention to get justice for the terrible wrong he has suffered.

For years he has been the victim of a cruel conspiracy. He was hounded out of the Army, after being branded as a madman, locked up as dangerously insane, stamped as unfit to associate with his military comrades, and confined in asylums. A long and honourable career was wrenched from him by superior officers.

From time to time, over a period of years, we have publicly pleaded his case, dragging to light a sinister chain of events, linking them up one by one until they presented a powerful indictment that even the War Office cannot always so indifferently sweep past.

Up till now we have failed in bringing about the inquiry we have so persistently demanded. But one by one eminent men and women have joined us in the task, and we now make what we hope will be our final appeal.

Previous Governments, through their Ministers replying to questions in the House of Commons, have turned the matter down as though it were one of no account, and their attitude has been the outcome of unfavourable reports submitted to them by the Government Departments concerned.

But the Labour Government cannot do that. To us it seems a matter of sheer impossibility for it to turn a deaf ear to this appeal.

Some of its Ministers, when they were ordinary M.P.s fighting against the interior-office barriers of the then existing Government, were Lieutenant Clendining's own supporters in his demand for justice!

Mr. J. Lawson, M.P., who is now Financial Secretary to the War Office—and who occupies the same chair as his predecessors who remained obstinate to the call for freedom—was his principal supporter in the House of Commons.

Colonel Wedgwood, who is now in the Labour Cabinet, also endeavoured, when a private member, to get light thrown on this astounding case.

Knowing the facts as they do, it is their proud privilege now to press for an immediate inquiry into Lieutenant Clendining's allegation, so that their pledge to him in the past when, unshackled, they supported his case against previous Governments, is successfully discharged.

If they still retain the interest they were good enough to afford to Lieutenant Clendining before they came into governmental power, they can do much by showing the country that they have not changed their character since taking office.

A Court Comedy.

Her Own Girl's Shame

"SHE'S allus been a good girl, sir. And a loving daughter. She's looked after me through sickness and health. If I'd a-known she was doing this I'd a-sooner seen her lying dead in her cradle. . . ." and the little old lady's voice trails off into a whimper. For a moment no one seems to know what to do.

Then the smart-looking girl in the dock flings her challenge in the face of that system of Law and Order which is the hypocritical basis of human society: "What else am I to do? Am I to starve and see my mother break up and die? It doesn't pay a girl to go straight!"

Jean Southland almost sneers at the paternal-looking magistrate on that West London bench. Her crime is called "soliciting"; it is really a flagrant act of rebellion against social morality.

After being remanded for a week she now suffers a punishment greater than the Law can bestow; she is face to face with that pathetic little figure wearing an old-fashioned black shawl and a black bonnet, the black beads of which dance merrily every time the old lady nods her head.

The sympathy of the court is with the mother who has been brought up from the little Sussex village to witness her daughter's exposure. For her, the little cherub of the cradle-days is revealed as a fallen angel . . . "if I'd a-known . . ."

"Will you tell the court what you know about your daughter's mode of life?" invites the magistrate, being cruel to be kind.

The black beads dance their way into the witness-box.

". . . . and then she went to Lunnon to work in the large drapery stores in the West End. She sent me ten shillings each week . . . it was hard for me, without a husband (dead and gone these last twelve years), to make ends meet . . . then she wrote and told me that she'd been promoted. She then sent me two pounds each week. I got along nicely on that. But if I'd a-known . ."

The girl in the dock thereupon challenges society.

". . . the rotten pay at that store wasn't enough to keep me fed; but I sent mother ten shillings each week; I knew what a hard life she had led since dad met with his accident . . . 'twasn't any use trying to live on that wage . . . then I went on the streets; it is easy money."

And at the solicitor's table a little old lady buried a careworn face in hands calloused with hard work . . . "if I'd a-known . . ."

The magistrate speaks: "You will be bound over. And the lady missionary will see you with reference to finding you honest employment."

Somewhere in a Sussex village a little old lady is hastening to the grave. But the beads ought not to dance so merrily . . .

Prussians of the Post Office

BELOW we tell the heartrending story of a man broken by the red-tape methods of the Post Office. We call upon the Postmaster-General to look into the case and take the necessary steps to remedy a grave injustice.

AT the present moment an ex-soldier and ex-Civil Servant named Theodore W. Sim, together with his ailing wife and five helpless children, is on the threshold of the workhouse at Bonar Bridge, Sutherlandshire.

This poor fellow has had a terrible battle with life since he lost his position in the Post Office over two years ago. He has had every kind of trouble. His wife, after giving birth to triplets, was for a long time in delicate health. Two of the triplets died, and at the moment when he was thrown out of work she was again seriously ill, after having given birth to twins.

When a telegraphist loses his employment in the Post Office, it is not easy to get fixed up again. Sim did his best. With his arrears of pay he opened a boot and shoe repairing shop, but he made bad debts which he could not collect, and he closed down, paying wages in full to the two men he employed.

Then he got another chance, obtaining, in reply to an advertisement, a job in the shop of a general merchant and sub-postmaster in Inverness-shire. His neighbours put up his railway fare and fitted him out with clothes. He got on well and sent a pound every week to his wife.

Then the General Post Office, which does not consider it necessary to cultivate humanity, sent him a nice Christmas present—his dismissal, on the ground that, having once had trouble with the authorities, he was not again to be employed in the Post Office service.

He took it like a man. He was an old soldier, with an excellent character. He had fought in the Great War, and when he was demobilised he went back to work without even a week's leave, because he was told he was needed.

Wanted no longer by the Post Office, he took out a pedlar's licence. He struggled on, selling small wares to poor people, but could not make a living at it. Then he lost his home. He registered at the Labour Exchange and tried to get work, as a cook on a trawler, and applied for jobs on the tramways and elsewhere. He even tried stonebreaking, but his hands gave way.

To-day his money is finished, and he is going at last with his family into the workhouse, after some delay caused by one of his little children falling ill with pneumonia.

It is a tragic story of broken hopes, broken hearts and, at the end, failure and defeat, the bitter memories of the old soldier and the servant of the Crown.

From the loss of his position in the Post Office he never really recovered. Let us here tell, then, the story of how he lost that position and whether the circumstances justify the cruel torture that has been the sequel.

In January, 1922, he was Assistant Postmaster at Lairg, and the serjeant-major of the Lovat Scouts asked him to give a lecture there at the Drill Hall on "Telegraphy in the Field." As he had himself served with the Lovat Scouts he gladly consented.

After the lecture, one of the soldiers, who was also a sub-postmaster, came up to him and asked him if he could oblige him with the loan of some cycle parts until he could get the parts he had ordered from the cycle agent.

Sim said that he could, on the condition that they were duly returned. It should be added that this sub-postmaster had special permission to use a private cycle for official purposes, but was to provide renewals himself. He was not therefore entitled to these spare parts as of right, but was to be given them as a loan on a promise to return them.

They were never given him. When Sim was handing over the parts asked for, his superior officer, the local postmaster, who was on leave at the time, but not away, came along, stopped the transaction, and suspended Sim. He was subsequently dismissed from the service on the amazing charge of attempted theft!

We say that, in the circumstances, such a charge was a scandalous, and a brutal way of dealing with an error of judgment. Further, the astonishing fact is that the circumstances were put before the Procurator Fiscal, who decided that they did not justify a prosecution for theft.

That is to say that, in the eyes of the law, Sim had committed no crime. But, in the eyes of the Post Office, he had. And where the law refused to punish, the Post Office took this man, who had committed no legal offence, broke him—and cast him out, to reflect, after his service in France, and in the sorry discomfort of the workhouse, upon what the politicians meant when they talked of making this a land fit for heroes to live in.

The General Post Office never forgets when it is dealing with a broken ex-soldier. In vain did the local townspeople, who knew the man and respected him, plead for justice. In vain did people like Sir R. L. Harmsworth, Bart., beg that the case should be reopened.

But the High Gods have spoken, and the ex-soldier, with his wife and little ones, will soon be behind the walls of Bonar Bridge Workhouse.

Fools and their Money

FROM the moment when certain interested parties tried to find funds for exploiting the traffic in contraband liquor off the American coasts, we have not hesitated to warn the public that those who responded to these appeals would not only be embarking on questionable enterprise, but would be in danger of providing further object-lessons in the ease with which fools and their money are parted.

We have not had long to wait for confirmation of this warning. One of the big "men" at the head of the organised supply of whisky for America was Sir John Stewart, who committed suicide a few weeks ago rather than face the ruin he had brought on himself.

In the belief that he was going to make a huge fortune he acquired all the whisky stocks he could lay hands on and shipped these to agreed spots where they were transferred to the care of the "bootleggers" running cargoes into America.

On one pretext or another payment for the stocks was deferred until at last the baronet awoke to the fact that he had been swindled out of his wares by the men whom he thought he was exploiting. Consignments value for many thousands of pounds were shipped by the baronet and his friends, but not a penny has been collected.

Now, this case is bad enough but it is not the only one, for the searching enquiry made by the American Government shows that this business has attracted some of the cleverest and most daring rogues known to the police. These rascals form mushroom companies for the purpose of acquiring whisky stocks from all willing to supply.

The stocks are promptly disposed of for cash to clients who ignore all requests for payment from the original owners of the liquor until they are threatened with stoppage of supplies. By that time arrangements have been made for supplies from some newcomer at the game. There is reason to believe that the bad debts of these mushroom companies now run into millions, and the principal sufferers will be the British concerns.

One of the gangs of swindlers working this ramp at the expense of British and other foreign agencies has disposed of stocks valued at over 3,000,000 dollars since first it began operations, and not a penny of this huge sum has been paid over. With the aid of many names the rogues have run up accounts, and it has been impossible for the victimised wholesalers to make the usual enquiries regarding the standing of the men they were dealing with or to take legal steps to enforce their claims, because they could not go into court with clean hands.

Therefore they have had to submit to this swindling, and in consequence there will be a shock for those who had already counted on the huge profits they were going to make.

THE DISMAL JIMMIES

Revolution! Bolshevism! Fiddlesticks! Trust the People!

by ROBERT BLATCHFORD *(Who is now writing exclusively for the "Sunday News.")*

EUROPE is badly shaken, and civilisation seems to be staggering before dark threats of dire peril. But why arraign Democracy? asks Mr. Blatchford. Britain's chief want to-day is wise and faithful leaders—men of vision and good faith. If Democracy cannot produce such men, what system of society can?

THE British are fond of saying that self-praise is no recommendation. It is a good adage and makes for modesty of soul and manners. But, judging by the majority of our writings and speeches, we imagine that self-depreciation is an unfailing moral tonic. Which is open to question.

In national, as in personal, affairs judicious encouragement is sometimes stimulating. Good nurses camouflage the powder with a little jam. Good teachers do not scold their scholars overmuch. Good wives know that curtain lectures soon pall. Good soldiers and good business men do not preach despondency to those they lead.

CRITICISM is useful, but it may be overdone. Solomon said there is a time to grouse and a time to refrain from grousing. I suggest that the present time is a time to speak words of confidence and hope, and not a time for counsels of despair. But many authorities think otherwise.

There is, for example, Sir Philip Gibbs. He has been considering democracy, and it has not found favour in his sight. He is reported to have reproached democracy in the following direct terms:

"Democracy, as it now is, stands bewildered, crippled, demoralised and disillusioned. We are swinging back to reactionary ideas. Democracy is not equal to its task or its destiny."

IS that true? And if it is true is it the kind of truth to warm the general heart and stiffen the general back in the present anxious and disquieting times? Is democracy disillusioned and demoralised and all the rest? What is the matter with democracy? Had Sir Philip said that Europe is disillusioned and bewildered, or had he said that civilisation is suffering in that way, one might, however sadly, agree with him. For Europe is badly shaken, and civilisation seems to be staggering before dark threats of dire peril. But why arraign democracy?

The dangerous tension and general poverty in Europe are the direct results of the war. Did democracy make the war? Germany and Austria were not democratic. They made the war.

BRITAIN and France and America, the three democracies, did not want the war. No one can accuse the British or American people of warlike sentiments. And, though democracy did not want to fight, democracy won the war.

But Sir Philip says democracy is not equal to its task or its destiny, and that we are swinging back to reactionary ideas. What is the task of democracy, then, and what its destiny, and who are the "we" that are swinging back to reactionary ideas?

The task of democracy, I suppose, is self-government. Just now, with a world in confusion, with bad trade and a crushing burden of debt, the task of any kind of Government is far from easy. But I venture to claim that here and in America democracy is acquitting itself fairly well.

THERE were, before the war, three great autocracies, Germany, Austria and Russia. Did those Empires make such a dazzling success of their governing that we should vaunt them as examples to be followed now, in the midst of our alleged bewilderment, our disillusionment and demoralisation? The most autocratic power was Russia. We know what came to her.

She made a fine old tragic hash of her task. Could any democracy have done worse; did any democracy ever fail so shamefully? And the tale of Russia's ruin is not yet told. Russia is dangerous, and that is why some nervous folk in Europe are "swinging back to reactionary ideas." Ideas, for instance, of Facisti, Facism to counteract Bolshevism. That, I think, is the explanation of the urge to impeach democracy. Some of those who are swinging back to reactionary ideas are acting through fear: fear of a revolution. Yes, that is the dread spectre: Revolution.

BUT is it a real spectre or is it an illusion, just a white sheet and an illuminated turnip, manufactured by a handful of rich men in terror for their riches? I think it will be discovered upon cool examination that the fear of revolution has been created by the hectic squealing of a few silly journalists who are trying to frighten the propertied classes and the steady-going public into some new form of dictatorship, on the Italian or Spanish pattern.

So we are asked to believe that democracy is bewildered, crippled, demoralised and disillusioned, and is not equal to its task or its destiny. Which sounds truly awful, but is not awfully true. This kind of scolding seems to me uncalled for.

I do not believe that democracy is in such a mess as Sir Philip says. I believe the democracy, in this country, is steady and sober, and I think it would be wiser to encourage the people than to attempt to confuse and dismay them.

TO begin, then, I will remind our pessimistic friends that this is Britain, and as an antidote to Sir Philip's tirade I will quote John Milton: "Lords and Commons of England, consider what nation it is whereof ye are and whereof ye are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages and of worthies?"

I LIKE Milton's sentiments better than those of Sir Philip Gibbs: they are more pleasing and more helpful. I think Milton judged the English democracy more wisely as well as more kindly. But that was a long time ago. Have we changed? Have we fallen from the high place Milton gave us?

No! It is not yet ten years since we were plunged, unwilling and unready, into a great and desperate war. During those four distracting and terrible years how did our people bear themselves; how did our democracy stand the strain?

I maintain that the people bore themselves valiantly and steadily and well. Men and women, at home, in the field and on the seas, the British were loyal, brave, patient, human and good-humoured. All through the fiery trial and through the years of disappointment following the Treaty the conduct of the British democracy was admirable.

IT was largely a civilian Army, and largely a civilian Navy that won the war. Guns, tanks, munitions, yes, and soldiers—had to be extemporised. Do not let us forget the mercantile marine, nor the girls and women in the factories and on the farms. Surely throughout that time of stress and labour and suffering and grief our democracy did not show itself bewildered, crippled, demoralised or disillusioned.

It stood up and proved equal to its task; it turned a brave front and a steady gaze to its destiny.

And now? Now democracy, heavily burdened, sorely tried, confronted with many and serious difficulties and perils, is manfully doing the best it knows and fully deserving the thanks and encouragement which are so meagrely bestowed.

REVOLUTION! Bolshevism! Fiddlesticks! "A pudding's rud," as Laurence Sterne would say. There will be no revolution. Democracy will see to that. And, this to anyone it may concern, there will be no Fascism. Those things are not English. Nor are they Scotch, ye ken. Our people are as good and as solid as were those whom Milton praised and trusted. What they want to-day, instead of chiding, is guidance.

Let us have faith in our own people. There is no people on this planet more worthy of our respect and confidence. Let us, while we trust our people as Milton trusted them, remember also what Milton said about the means to grace. What was wanted with such a "towardly and pregnant soil" was "wise and faithful labourers," and that is our chief want to-day—wise and faithful leaders. Men honest and patriotic. Men of vision and good faith. If democracy cannot produce such men what system of society can?

I WOULD respectfully ask Sir Philip Gibbs to look back at the record of our British democracy and to take courage from the traditions of the race. I have said before, and will continue to say it, that the sanity, the patience and the capacity of the British people will pull us through!

I believe in the British spirit and the British sense. I believe in British courage and British grit. But I must protest against the dismal defeatist talk of some who should know better. It does not help a brave people to tell them they must fail. It does not stiffen their fortitude to tell them they are disillusioned and demoralised. Let them read Milton. Trust them, love them, help them. They will arrive.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. J. WHEATLEY, M.P.,
Minister of Health.

SIR,—Kindly keep an eye on an experiment which one of the Government's department committees is up to. A shipment of chilled beef is being sent from New Zealand in the s.s. *Kent*. This meat is treated with formaldehyde, a preservative which the Committee on Preservatives in Food (1901) stated should be absolutely prohibited as it already is in the U.S.A. Will you relieve public anxiety by ensuring that in no circumstances whatever will this meat be placed on the market for sale to the public?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD HEWART,
Lord Chief Justice of England.

MY LORD,—You rightly observed at Lewes Assizes that blackmail is one of the vilest and most cowardly crimes which it is possible to commit. It has become very prevalent of late, and thanks are due to you for emphasising the seriousness of the offence by the severity of the punishment which you awarded the brothers Halsey. The pair of scoundrels appeared dazed when they heard their sentence of twelve years' penal servitude. I hope it will also stupefy other heartless wretches who have lived for years on money wrung from men in mental anguish.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. HARRY GOSLING, M.P.
Minister of Transport.

SIR,—In view of the increasing popularity of motoring and the fact that the reduced cost of machines is bringing the pastime within reach of the workers, will you endeavour to evolve some new and improved system of motor taxation? I know that there is a Departmental Committee sitting on this question; I also know that it has been sitting for two years—can you explain this protracted affair? Perhaps, if you look well into the matter you might discover the identity of the interests that are holding up the Committee's report.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. STEPHEN WALSH, M.P.,
Minister for War.

SIR,—When the Prince of Wales was reviewing the 1st Battalion of the Welsh Guards at Aldershot a number of kinema photographers were chased off the ground by the military police, and one was threatened with arrest, in spite of the fact that they held official permits. This sort of thing may do in Potsdam, but we do not readily tolerate such military arrogance in England. I trust you will make it your duty to read the officer responsible a sharp lesson.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir ERNEST WILD, K.C.,
Recorder of London.

SIR,—May I venture to say that the wisdom and humanity of your judicial decisions are doing much to win respect for your Court and its presiding Judge from all whose opinions count. Only the other day you refused to send a man to a long term of imprisonment because of the inhumanity of the sentences which had marked the earlier stages of his criminal career. You wondered, you told us, whether you were right in this attitude. Of course you were. The conscience of the nation applauds your more civilised conception of justice.

JOHN BULL.

To CARDINAL LOGUE,
R.C. Archbishop of Armagh.

YOUR EMINENCE,—I entirely disagree with your declaration that "the dress, or rather want of dress, of women of the present day is a crying scandal." One has only to compare modern modes with those of a century ago to realise that your dictum is unjustifiable. Such an assertion is on a par with the action of some people who, a few years back, pasted brown paper over the pictures of a naked baby in a soap advertisement on the hoardings, as though it had been ordained that all little boys should be clothed in cassocks and cottas from birth. Don't trouble about women's physiology and fashions!

JOHN BULL.

THE DOCTOR!

To the Rt. Hon. SIDNEY WEBB, M.P.,
President, Board of Trade.

SIR,—Nearly four months ago the body of a British seaman named Dixey, of the s.s. *Viking Star*, was found in the docks at Antwerp, and although the Belgian police found indentification papers on the body, he was buried as an unknown man. No attempt was made by our authorities in Antwerp to trace the man, neither were his parents informed of his death. I really think you ought to obtain an explanation from our Consul-General there.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. MILLS ROBBINS,
Holy Trinity, Chobham.

REV. SIR,—You are a refreshing change from puritanical prudes who try to construe Christianity as Jellyfishism. Your churchwardens objected to your promoting a boxing tournament in the village, but you have answered them straight from the shoulder by stating that "boxing has proved the salvation of the rough lads of the village." You are the kind of Christian that does the Church, as well as the world, good. I hope you administer the "K.O." to your opponents.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. M. M. ERSKINE, M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—So you are annoyed at the number of postcards you receive from your constituents, are you? For what purpose did they send you to Westminster? Judging from the number of communications you receive I should imagine they suspect you are not carrying out their ideas so much as airing your own. Perhaps you would also like to exclude the Press, and so enjoy your "Club" in peace? Kindly remember that you are a servant of the people and stop being petulant.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. DUNN,
Catholic Bishop of Nottingham.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—You should really try to realise that you are living in the twentieth century. Ruling that only Catholic marriages may take place at your cathedral, you display an attitude of mind that goes back to Methuselah—and a bit beyond that. I rather suspect that you are going a little beyond your province, aren't you? In any case youth will be served, and so long as the registry offices remain open the young people who have come under your displeasure won't worry much.

JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN,
Fulham Borough Council.

SIR,—Allow me to express my appreciation of the practical patriotism shown by your Council in accepting a British tender for electric lighting plant for £131,000, although a foreign firm had tendered for £12,000 less. If other Local Authorities would follow your excellent example we might soon be within measurable distance of the end of unemployment and distress in this country. The truest economy in such matters is to provide work for our own people, and I am glad that at least one great London borough realises the fact.

JOHN BULL.

To WILLIAM KING-WILKINSON, Esq.,
Whiteholm, Slaidburn.

SIR,—If you could only see yourself as others see you, you would die of laughing. After objecting to the mill whistle blowing on the Sabbath and holding up the proposal for a railway that would pass through your grounds until a clause was inserted that no trains would stop at Slaidburn on Sundays, you have now put that stupid foot of yours down on whist drives and dances in the schoolroom. You seem to be past hope. I suppose when (and if) you get to heaven you'll object to strumming harps and seraphic trumpets.

JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

A CHANCE FOR EVERY CHILD

Who's the Thief?

THE Great Coal Ramp goes from bad to worse, and it is about time the Government began to take it seriously. They are pledged, remember, to give no quarter to the profiteer. Here then is their chance to strike a blow for the consumer.

An added two shillings, for which we can trace no shadow of justification, has brought household coal up to the cruel price of £3 per ton. Coke, which a few years ago could be bought at anything from 10s. to 18s. per ton, now costs £2 15s.

For the very poor these prices are prohibitive. In a winter of exceptional severity thousands of householders have had to reduce their consumption of coal to a minimum consistent neither with health nor comfort, and this not through any natural scarcity, but through the deliberate manipulation of the market.

There is clear evidence that coal-supplies have been wilfully "cornered" and held for a rise just at that season of the year when empty grates fill the hospitals.

It is a wicked business for which someone ought to be brought sharply to book, and if a Labour Government cannot achieve this measure of justice to the poor, whom in a special sense they claim to represent, they will inevitably suffer in prestige; and deservedly so, for the profiteer is the enemy of the community, more especially of all who live by the labour of hand or brain.

Put and Take

THE operation of the Workmen's Compensation Act is in some cases grossly unfair. It is a cardinal rule of the Act's construction that compensation, when paid in a weekly sum, shall never exceed the amount of wages earned at the date of the accident.

It will be seen at a glance that this involves a flagrant injustice to men whose disability dates from before the war. A workman prior to 1914 earning £2 weekly was considered to be in receipt of a decent wage, but if he is still disabled from following his employment, and dependent upon a compensation award of that amount, he is reduced, through the decline in the value, to a miserable pittance.

The value of all awards under the Act has been reduced fifty per cent., since the variation in the cost of living figures affects all stabilised allowances. It is strange that so little has been heard of what is a chronic injustice.

Clearly, the Act needs amending in such a way as to make the real value of the awards constant by reference to a sliding scale based on the cost of living.

The Key to a Golden Gate

EDUCATION is no longer to be the privilege of the few. Our new Minister is a man with imagination, resolved to make a broad ladder of learning from the village school to the University.

AT long last a statesman with imagination and ideals holds sway at the Board of Education. We hail Mr. Charles Trevelyan as the apostle of a new era, the herald of a brighter day.

Before treating of his policy, however, we would take leave to restate our views on the question of national education. Always our slogan has been "Equality of opportunity." Whatever the Socialists may say, we do not believe men and women of varying powers and attributes will ever reach a dead-level of material prosperity, or that they would be happy if they could; but it can at least be arranged that all shall start fair.

It is up to us as a nation to give every child a chance. The keys of knowledge should not be a private monopoly, but a public utility service, available for all with the wit to grasp them and unlock the gates of success.

WARMLY we sympathise with Mr. Trevelyan's protest against "narrow and soulless economies" in the field of education.

Money spent on education is not wasted. It is an investment which returns a hundredfold interest in increased happiness and prosperity. On material grounds alone a starved expenditure on education is suicidal folly.

Yet it seems we are ever ready to find money to blow from the mouths of cannon or to sink in the depths of the sea, while in the past we have too often stinted the few paltry millions necessary to make our national education system a reality.

The brain-power of the British people is a priceless asset which must be developed to the fullest possible extent if we are to face the future with confidence and hope. It is the function of the State educational system first to discover brains, and secondly, to train them to the highest ends.

What madness to begrudge the money needed for this vital national service! In a wisely governed community the Ministry of Education would be one of the greatest spending departments. If its estimates exceeded those of the War Office every patriot should rejoice.

Frankly, we are glad that Mr. Trevelyan proposes to hang up the axe. Economy in education has run mad, and we applaud the new Minister's determination to "reverse the engines."

THE benefits of education must be made available for all boys and girls of latent ability. The waste that must be stopped is the waste of national brain-power. No longer must our young people be forced through lack of opportunity to bury talents that might be employed in the service of the nation.

Since brains are not a class monopoly, there can be no justification or excuse for a class monopoly in education.

The advent of the Labour Government clearly demonstrates that the poorest boy at school to-day need not despair of attaining to the highest position in the State. But the true aim of education is to raise the mass.

Give every child a chance to realise the best that is in him, to develop his latent powers, to win a prize in life's handicap. An educated people is the best guarantee of national stability, the finest possible insurance against revolution. Brains, not brawn, will dominate the world of to-morrow.

The nation content to be left behind in the race of education runs deadly risks. We congratulate Mr. Trevelyan upon the high sense of responsibility he brings to his great task.

A World Gone Mad

SEVEN German chemists have been accidentally killed while experimenting with a new poison gas. Secretly preparing a fresh horror of destruction for their fellows, they have gone to their last account.

We have no tears to shed over their fate. Rather should the incident serve to call attention once again to the ever-present menace of war, against which the human race is as defenceless to-day as when first it emerged from barbarism. Only the means of destruction have become more terrible, surer and swifter, less liable to miss their lethal aim.

Cannot the common-sense of humanity insist that the resources of science shall no longer be debased to these murderous ends? Or is it simply that means are lacking to make the consensus of civilised opinion prevail?

Sooner or later, we are convinced, democracy everywhere will rise in angry protest against the hellish trade in armaments, and insist that the protection of life is the only justification of scientific research. At this very moment every civilised Government should be exploring the possibility of international action for the limitation of armaments, as a first step upon the road that will some day lead, unless the deepest instincts of the human heart are mistaken, to permanent and universal peace.

Popular Travel

IN his powerful article last week, Mr. A. G. Gardiner urged a more stringent statutory regulation of the mines. The railways also would be none the worse for stricter supervision.

The conditions of popular travel in this country are by no means what they should be. First-class passengers have little to complain of; it is the third-class traveller who gets less than value for his fare.

To begin with, there ought to be third-class sleeping accommodation on long-distance trains. The necessity for sleep is probably greater among the third-class passengers than among their richer companions. Another irritating anomaly is that which sets an arbitrary time-limit to the use of a return half-ticket. Since the half-ticket has been paid for, it should be available at any time.

We could multiply instances of similar arbitrary regulations. Most important of all, however, are considerations of safety, and here existing arrangements are sadly deficient. How many more fatal accidents must occur before it is made compulsory for carriage doors to be automatically locked while trains are in motion?

Mr. Ernest Bevin, the "Dockers' K.C.," whose remarks about Capital are likely to cause further industrial unrest.

Pity the Poor Shareholders!

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

THERE can never be great and uninterrupted prosperity in this country till Capital and Labour are on the friendliest terms. How Mr. Bevin, in a moment of unwise eloquence, has widened the breach, is revealed in this article. He has sown the seed of endless human suffering.

A STORY is told of a Mexican who paid a visit to Chicago and was conducted over one of the latest American factories. "You see that fly-wheel?" asked his guide. "I do." "Well, sir, that fly-wheel performs 2,000 revolutions every minute." "Gosh!" exclaimed the visitor; "that beats Mexico."

This story illustrates an important fact. Mexico has become a joke. It has contracted the disease of political unrest. Revolutions are so common in its midst that they have ceased to excite a moment's wonder in Europe.

With us political unrest is taking the form of strikes. No sooner is one strike settled than another is threatened. And strikes are a form of revolution. Every strike, however brief, gnaws something out of that foundation of confidence and good will on which British Industry has reared the great structure of our national life. We, too, may some day come to be a joke.

A phrase used by Mr. Bevin during the negotiations for an increase of dockers' wages seems to me to offer a general explanation of our political unrest and our hazardous state of industrial civil war. He issued a statement in which he drew a sharp contrast between the rights of shareholders and the rights of Labour, and in the course of this statement used the following phrase: "If you give us 2s. not one of your shareholders will go without a meal. When you take 2s. from the men, it is out of the individual pocket."

YOU see exactly what is in Labour's mind when you study this statement. For the average working-man, and for every dupe of the Bolshie agitator, the term "shareholder" is synonymous with "millionaire," or at any rate with "capitalist." Labour thinks of itself as toiling to enrich the already over-rich, and regards these over-rich as enemies of the human race because they refuse, with all the means at their disposal, to grant its demands for higher wages, shorter hours, and an easier time.

But Mr. Bevin knows very well that the matter is not so simple. I hope he will forgive me for considering, in the interests of truth, his own personal position. Mr. Bevin makes nothing. He answers no factory bell. He oils no automatic lathe. He stands in no queue at the docks. He carries no load on his back. He does nothing whatever from morning to night, from one year's end to another, to increase the wealth of the country. Yet he lives in a decent house, eats as good a meal as any docker, and wears clothes which would pass muster in Threadneedle Street. How does he do it?

MR. BEVIN is paid a salary, and that salary is derived from investments. The transport workers of the country save every week a bit of money out of their wages and invest that bit of sensible and honourable thrift in their Union. I do not know what the Union does with the huge sum resulting from all these little bits of individual thrift; but I am confident that the officials do not allow it to lie wickedly idle in an office safe. They invest it. They make it work for them. And out of its earnings they pay Mr. Bevin.

Now, let us suppose that the Transport Workers' Union invested the whole of this sum in Vickers' Engineering Works, and that the secretary of an engineering union challenged Vickers to a strike, and in the course of the fight used Mr. Bevin's argument, "If you give us 2s. not one of your shareholders will go without a meal." Would not Mr. Bevin be inclined to whisper in his ear, "Be careful what you say, my dear fellow, for you may be robbing me of my breakfast, cutting down my dinner to a bun, and sending me supperless to bed?"

THE term "shareholder" covers every individual in the community who has insured his life or his house, or who has saved a little bit of money and placed it in the care of a bank. The insurance companies and the great banks of the country act in this matter exactly like the trades-unions. The vast sums of money which they invest in industry are made up from the deposits of thousands of small people, just as the prodigious sums invested in industry by trades-unions are made up from the subscriptions of thousands of such wage-earners.

When industry prospers, these small investors receive their dividends and spend them in the business of life, to the great advantage of the country's trade. When industry is paralysed by strikes or falls on evil times, these investors receive no dividends and in consequence have to pinch and contrive, like a docker out of work, or a trade-union leader without his salary. "No dividends" mean suffering for the individual and loss for the community.

Will Mr. Bevin tell democracy that it is a sinful thing to invest money in industry? Will he stand up in open court, and, with his hand resting on the Pass Book of the Transport and General Workers' Union, affirm that shareholders are of the devil? Must he not say, being an able man and a good man, that every shareholder has as much right to just treatment as Labour, and that the more capital can be encouraged to invest in British industry the better it is for British labour?

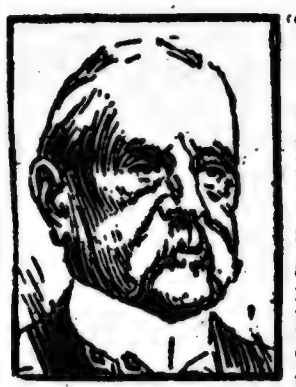
But instead of useful and constructive statements of this kind, Mr. Bevin has done the greatest possible disservice to the country in lending his respected authority to the one fallacy which is at the bottom of our industrial unrest. He has encouraged many thousands of thoughtless people to think of the shareholder as a parasite preying on their labour. He has taught Labour to regard the shareholder, not as a partner, but as an enemy, and in doing this he has sown the seed of more industrial unrest and more human suffering.

THERE can never be great and uninterrupted prosperity in this country till Capital and Labour are on the friendliest terms. Those terms of friendship can never be established till Capital is sensible of its moral obligation to Labour, and Labour is sensible of its economic obligation to Capital. This is to say, there can never be lasting happiness until the nation recognises truths obvious to the intelligence of a child.

Is it hopeless that our nation, famous for its good sense and its practical philosophy, should see these truths and act upon them before it has destroyed the wealth and happiness bequeathed to it by our ancestors? Our eternal strikes are making us ridiculous, as well as poor. It is time we recovered our wisdom and our sense of humour.

"MEN who commit offences against little children should be flogged."

The Mark o



Lord Lambourne, the well-known reformer and humanitarian.

"A MAN who commits these crimes — some of them on mere babies — places himself outside the pale of humanity, and such an offender should have some mark indelibly engraved on him, so that he may be known wherever he goes among his fellow citizens." This statement of mine, made in the course of my speech in the House of Lords on the question of cruelty to children, has excited considerable comment; and caused considerable misconception.

There are those who pretend to believe that what I had in mind was that a culprit should be literally branded with a hot iron so as to mark him for life. Such a course not only would be unpractical; it would be unwise, if only because it would not provide the culprit with the incentive to reform.

But I make no attempt to disguise that what I desire to see is a punitive arrangement, by which a man convicted of a crime against helpless children should be known for all time among his fellows as the lowest type of man, not even fit to be classed among the beasts of the field—who, indeed, never outrage the purity or feelings of their young.

And my suggestion is that such men should be flogged and that the fact of their flogging should be so published abroad that they would be unable to mix with decent people until they had lived down their loathsome crime.

To judge by the simulated amazement expressed in some quarters at my speech, anyone would imagine that the suggestion of flogging is entirely new. As a matter of fact, this is not the first time I have advocated flogging for such offences. I have repeatedly argued that men who commit offences against little children—especially sexual ones—and certain cases of horrible cruelty against animals (where the individual has been previously convicted) should be ordered to be flogged.

The answer to that suggestion has usually been: "Flogging is a degrading punishment and, as

We Want Another War!

by A. G. GARDINER

WAR is not merely a crime; it is a terrible blunder. If we could divert the energies we expend in destruction to a world war on the common foes of disease, vice, poverty and ignorance what victories we might win that would make for the happiness of men!

"WE want another war," said Mr. Lloyd George to the Free Churchmen at Brighton, and though I have had many bones to pick with him in the past, I am on this occasion in entire agreement. We want another war, but it must be the right sort of war. War is a condition of our life on this planet, and that condition will never be removed. Whether we like it or not, we are sent here to fight, and fight we must, but the trouble is that we fight about the wrong things, with the wrong weapons, and against the wrong foes.

The root of the mischief is that we think that there are not enough of the good things of life to go round. That is the delusion behind all wars. Other considerations, no doubt, enter into them—personal ambition, love of adventure, lust of conquest, love of glory, and so on.

But at the back of all is the fear that we shall starve, the belief that some tribe or nation is getting a better cut at the joint of life than we are, the conviction that if we do not impoverish someone else we shall be impoverished ourselves.

From this fear of each other comes the organisation of the world for destructive war—a competitive world armed to the teeth for mutual slaughter. We live over a volcano of our own creation, and periodically the volcano bursts into flames, and we are swept by the rain of burning lava and destroyed by thousands, millions.

WE have just experienced the greatest eruption of the volcano in all history, an eruption that has destroyed ten millions of the flower of the youth and manhood of Europe. Is any country the better for it? Is not every country, victor and vanquished alike, the worse for it? The prosperity of Europe has gone like snows before a south wind. Bankruptcy, misery, famine are everywhere. We have suffered the least, thanks to our island position; but we have lost our trade, filled our streets with unemployed, burdened ourselves with taxation unprecedented in history.

HAS all this waste of life and treasure brought peace, or happiness, or security? On the contrary, it has not left two friends in Europe. Everyone is poorer, everyone is disappointed, everyone suspects everyone else, everyone abuses everyone else. Merely from the material point of view there is no fraud so complete and devastating as war. The spiritual results need no comment. The reign of war is the reign of the devil.

With these experiences before us, can it be doubted that destructive war defeats its own object? It is based on the assumption that if some nation or other is not destroyed, some other nation will be pauperised. It is the notion of Bedlam. The tailor might as well think that if the draper next door prospered, it would be bad for the tailoring business. He might as well go and burn down the draper's shop on that assumption. But the tailor knows that the more his neighbour prospers the more he prospers himself. A good current of trade irrigates the whole world.

You cannot have prosperity in water-tight compartments any more than you can have an egg "good in parts." That is the case against destructive war. It is not merely a crime: it is a blunder. It assumes that a nation can grow rich by making other nations poor.

The real fact is that on this old earth of ours there is plenty for all, if we will only organise to create instead of to destroy. Through all the centuries men have been making war on each other for the possession of the fat things of the earth. In that war of competition they have trampled down the harvests that should have been garnered, they have shattered the lives that should have enriched the world, they have wasted the accumulated wealth of nations in sheer destruction.

The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, who declares "we want another war"—a war of construction.

But let us suppose that by a miracle we all became, suddenly, sensible and reasonable human beings—not in this country only, but in all countries. We should realise that from the point of view of getting the best out of this earth men were not competitors, but co-operators—that they were not foes, but fellow-workers.

The war they would wage would not be a war of destruction on each other, but a war of construction for each other. The foe would not be man, but the forces that are arranged against man—disease, vice, poverty, ignorance, and all the host of enemies that make the general life hard, poor and squalid.

TAKE the question of the productiveness of the earth alone. Let us suppose that the twenty thousands of millions of money that were squandered in the late war in destruction, which has left nothing behind but general ruin and disenchantment, had been spent in a productive campaign on developing the resources of the earth, opening up new territories to the plough, revealing the unexplored possibilities of science, diverting the activities of the laboratories from the discovery of more deadly poison gases with which to destroy each other to the discovery of new creative powers from Nature for the enrichment of life.

That would have been a war worth waging. It would have changed the face of Nature and the whole outlook of mankind.

Or consider the case of disease. There is an enemy that knows no nationality, but slays us all indiscriminately. Cancer alone takes toll of one in seven of those of us who reach middle age. If we could divert the energies we expend in preparing to destroy each other to a world war on this common foe of disease, what victories we might win that would make for the happiness of men. Or consider the kindred matter of housing. This question goes to the roots of national health and security. Slums breed diseased bodies and diseased minds. They mean a diseased nation. With the one hundred and forty millions we spent on military preparations last year alone we could conduct a war on slumdom that would banish it from the land.

TURN to that worst of all enemies—for it is the source of every other enemy—ignorance. The most valuable asset of a nation is the intelligence of its people. The most terrible waste of this nation is the waste of its youth—the waste of the potentialities of the human mind. With the money that we were asked to sink in the mud-banks of Singapore, with a quarter of the money we sank in the sand deserts of Mesopotamia, we could carry on such a war on ignorance as would make this country a beacon-light to the whole world.

Yes, I agree with Mr. Lloyd George that we want another war, a war of mutual aid.

rk of the Beast

by the Rt. Hon. LORD LAMBOURNE, C.V.O.

such, should not be inflicted. Further, it is no deterrent." I am amazed that people should want to spare such criminals from "degrading punishment." In my opinion, a man who would commit offences against children, and deliberate cruelty to animals, has already degraded himself below any further degradation. He has placed himself outside of the frontiers of decent people—"outside the pale of humanity." That flogging could not cause him to sink any lower than he has already fallen by his own foul act.

When such learned men as the Lord Chancellor, Lord Buckmaster and Lord Cecil tell me that flogging is not a deterrent, I must ask them to define the grounds on which they base this assertion. What statistics have they to prove their case? At present flogging can be—and occasionally is—ordered by judges for certain offences. Will the noble lords, mentioned above, tell the public what is the percentage of cases where men have been flogged for robbery and yet have returned again for the same offence?

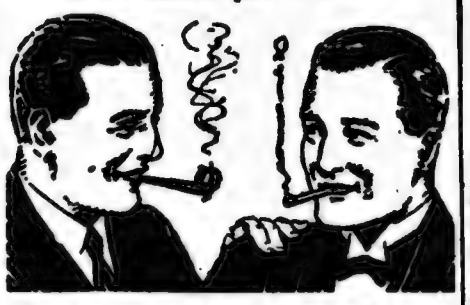
Would the noble lords prefer me to believe that the small pecuniary fine, or a few days in the Second Division, is sufficient punishment and an adequate deterrent? I am sure that is not their intention. Then, where fines and imprisonment do not deter, I maintain that flogging will deter.

And in this contention I am supported by many prominent people, including quite a number of judges, magistrates and chief constables. Only a few weeks back Colonel Coke, the Chief Constable of the West Riding, reported that "while there is a decrease in most classes of offences against persons, offences against children are on the increase, and I am strongly of the opinion that the only real deterrent for such offences is the 'cat.'"

Men are brought up, convicted and fined—small fines—two, three and four times, or even more often. Such punishment is of no avail. Some more stringent methods will have to be adopted in order to curb the unrestrained passions which are occasionally exhibited by some of the lower specimens of humanity.

Punishment must not be inflicted merely in order to conform with the demands of the legal code—punishment must create in the mind of the punished an attitude that will make him resolve never to break the law again.

"The Sunripe Twins"



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SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

A TALL, slight, scraggy, aristocratic-looking man is Noel Buxton, who hates wars and loves fighting. A quaint combination of pacifism and bellicosity. His pacific tendencies were exemplified years before the war, when he warned the Liberals that war would be the outcome of their policy. His bellicose tendencies are demonstrated in nearly every public speech he delivers. He is, by the way, more proud of his scars than any true pacifist has any right to be.

At one election he was mobbed by war-mongers, kicked and lamed by some blackguard who was anxious to give tangible proof of his beliefs, and for some months the victim hobbled about on a stick. He became at length quite fond of his limp, pointing to it with the same gusto that he points to his beard, which conceals another wound won on behalf of Peace.

THIS pride of blows is most characteristic—because Noel Buxton is a pacifist by thought and conviction, not by birth and upbringing. His father was a wealthy landowner, and the present Minister of Agriculture received a public-school and University education. Not a fanatic like his brother, Charles Roden, he is, nevertheless, a staunch believer in the "justification by faith" theories of the Early Christians.

He left the Liberal Party the instant he realised that it was being run by Opportunists, though he might conceivably return to it to-morrow if it returned to its old ideals. (But that would have to mean, of course, the death or scrapping of all the old gang.)

THE point is that Buxton is not really a Socialist—except in the broad sense in which all decent and civilised human beings are Socialists. Though he parted with a great deal of his private wealth for the public good—reserving only what was necessary for his personal needs—he has not by any means swallowed the creed of Karl Marx, or even of the Fabians.

Among friends he makes no secret of his faith in the enterprise of individuals, and he is sceptical as to the benefits of State control. But he has given his support to the Labour Party because of the moral and intellectual bankruptcy of the other Parties. He says it is the only Party that *wants* to do good.

An authority on Agriculture, he is also a specialist in Foreign Affairs—in particular that ambiguous and extremely irritating section known as "the Near East." He would make a better Foreign Secretary than most men, because his knowledge is wide and his sympathies are keen, though perhaps he would not be popular.

But he never has been, and never will be, popular. He's a little too truthful and altogether too critical ever to carry his Party with him. He is subject to spasms of deep thinking and high morality, when neither friend nor foe escapes his searching analysis and scathing judgment. "Too damned high-brow for me!" was the succinct summary of a colleague.

Buxton, in short, is not an extremist either way. He is that uncommon type—a man whose heart and head are evenly balanced. Had he lived in Russia, he would have been exiled by the Tsar and executed by Lenin.

The Rt. Hon. Noel Buxton, M.P.

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THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Spellbinder Bound Over

by HARRISON OWEN

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, described as a professional spellbinder, was charged with making false representations and carrying on misleading improperganda in the interests of Prohibition.

"The wizardry of the accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "has long been a source of admiration, but we admire him more when he is producing Welsh rabbits from his magician's hat than when he is talking through the said headgear, as he did at a demonstration arranged by the National Free Church Council assembly, on which occasion he used his remarkable oratorical powers in attempting to prove that since the introduction of Prohibition, the United States has become a land flowing with nothing more intoxicating or injurious than milk and honey.

"According to this unalloyed-Georgian prohibitionist," continued counsel, "America is now a Garden of Eden. As a public man, the accused was guilty of discreditable tactics in presenting only one side of the picture, for he knows that the fundamental fault with Prohibition is that it fails to prohibit. It is all very well for him to talk of happy children, well-to-do workmen and unemployed jailers; but if many children are happy, many parents have been made miserable by the knowledge that tippling has become 'the thing' among schoolboys and flappers who desire to be thought daring and devilish; and that there is no unemployment in the bootlegging industry.

"The accused knows also that the prosperity of Uncle Sam, who has become this country's 'uncle' in more senses than one, is due to causes other than Prohibition. If he had examined some of the bulging pockets which he noticed when in America, he might have discovered that the bulge was due less to rolls of green backs than to the presence of that ubiquitous flask which has become America's national symbol."

IN mitigation of what he acknowledged was misguided behaviour upon the part of his client, Mr. Strawsplitter stated that Mr. Lloyd George found it easier to preach Prohibition than to practise temperance. He was apt to become intoxicated through imbibing the air of his native mountains, and to indulge too freely in forensic firewater, mixed metaphors and oratorical cocktails. When in this state he sometimes forgot that he was a responsible public man and behaved more like an irresponsible lawyer determined to gain a verdict, however much truth was distorted in the process.

"We all know that the prisoner is unique among wizards," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "but he must not practise black magic and imagine that he can cause the ugly facts about Prohibition to vanish at a wave from his wand. On this occasion he showed his admirers, who, not inappropriately, opened their meeting with a hymn, 'I Will Sing the Wondrous Story,' only the fair side of Prohibition, carefully concealing the evils, such as hypocrisy, secret drinking, contempt for the law, fanaticism, political corruption and dope-taking, which it has brought in its train.

"Accepting the assurance of Mr. Strawsplitter that his client was not altogether responsible for his actions, I will merely bind the prisoner over to refrain from demented and spirituous language, mountain mist, magic potions, wizard's soup and other intoxicating beverages from now until the next General Election or the next Eisteddfod, whichever period be the longer."

The Woman Behind the Curtain

by ROBERT HOLMES

(The Famous Police Court Missionary).

IN this second article on the problems of matrimony, our contributor puts his finger on many of the main causes of unhappiness. Is there anything more pitiable in life than jealousy? How many bitter tears have been shed, how many homes wrecked and hearts broken, through the groundless suspicions of jealous husbands? And what of the men who eternally contrast their wives with their mothers? Mr. Holmes has some caustic things to say of them.

IF jealousy on the part of wives has slain its thousands, jealousy on the part of husbands has slain its tens of thousands. The hours I have spent trying to show men the folly of continuing to harbour groundless suspicions concerning their wives' chastity! And the poor reward I have usually had for all my toil!

I came long ago to the conclusion that the wise man was really wise when he remarked, "As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly," and "Though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar . . . yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

There is one man who wearies me beyond measure. He may not always have been the stupid mule he is to-day. There may have been a time when somebody might have argued or laughed or beaten his folly out of him. Nothing can be done with him now. There is no convincing him of his wife's fidelity, though everybody else is perfectly certain of the fact.

THE couple occupy a cottage flush with the pavement of a much-used thoroughfare. Many passers-by turn their faces to the window, quite involuntarily. If you mentioned the matter to them they would be unaware of it. And, almost certainly, though they might appear to be staring into the room, they see nothing. Their minds are far away.

Sitting with my mule, trying to teach him to be reasonable, one is told in a hoarse whisper as a handsome, well-dressed youth of twenty glances in at the window and is gone: "You see him! He does that every night. When he sees me he shoots off. If I wasn't here, he'd step inside. They think I'm a fool, but I'm as sharp as a good many yet."

It is vain to ridicule the crack-brained notion that his care-worn wife, forty-five years old and looking sixty, can have the smallest attraction for such a youth, and tell him he ought to be downright ashamed of making the suggestion. An old man, ill-clad, seventy if a day, turns his face to the window as he hobbles painfully past, and the mule opens his mouth once more:

"There's another of 'em," the clown mutters; "he's just like the young 'un. A peep inside to see if I'm here. Off like a lamplighter when I'm on the job. But when I'm not—ah, I've an idea what goes on then. I'm not blind, you know."

UNFORTUNATELY not. It would save him much insane jealousy if he were.

Strangely enough, in everything else he is quite normal. A clever workman, attentive to his business, not a drunkard, no gambler, no brawler, not a wife-beater, a man who brings good wages home and is not inquisitive how they are spent, he would be easy to live with but for a weakness which makes happiness in that home impossible.

HARD as it would seem for any man to prove himself a greater fool than that, a tradesman not yet thirty will gain the distinction unless he alters strangely.

Married four years ago to as sweet a girl as might be found anywhere, and as good as she was sweet, because an elderly uncle kissed her at the conclusion of the marriage service he made his wife miserable throughout their honeymoon. The innocent expression of an old man's fondness for a favourite niece appeared to his jaundiced mind as strong evidence of something amiss.

He would talk of nothing else till his wife threatened to return to her parents and disclose her misery and the cause of it. Then he made a lame apology, persuaded against his will.

After six months he returned to his old jealous state, this time because he saw his wife smile at a postman who left a parcel at the door. Presently a friend whom he introduced was forbidden the house for no cause at all that any mortal could discover.

. . . A man's insane jealousy.

The next man to fall under suspicion was his wife's father, and the next her sixteen-year-old brother! It was when matters came to this pass that I was sought out.

"I'm surprised to hear they've called you in," he said; "they knew very well I was only joking." But I answered sternly that the best retort to jokes of that sort was a dose of horsewhip, and he changed his tune, promising to behave.

He kept the promise six months; then I was asked to see him again. At the moment he seems to be keeping a second promise made on that occasion. Unless he does, he will lose his wife. It is unreasonable to expect her to endure him.

Of course these are exceptionally bad cases of jealousy, but any man with a tendency that way had better resolutely keep his mind from dwelling on wicked and foolish imaginations if he would escape the possibility of coming to some such miserable state at last.

MEN nearly as hard to live with are those for ever comparing wives with mothers, always to the disadvantage of wives. "I want to think well of my husband's mother," a young wife told me after six months of married life; "I believe she was a good woman, but if he goes on singing her praises much longer I shall hate to hear her name. If I cook a bit of bacon, I don't do it like she used to do; if I make a suet dumpling, it's nothing like the dumplings she used to make; even the bed isn't shaken up as she used to shake it."

When I saw the husband, I told him, "Now, Jack, put the boot on the other leg! Imagine your wife saying every time you go in the house, 'My father used to hang his cap behind this door, not that; he used to stir the fire in this fashion, not the other, he talked about what's going on nowadays, not about ancient history like you do,' wouldn't it make you sick to death?"

"You're right, sir!" Jack exclaimed, his face lighting as he saw things in a new light. What a fool I've been all this time. She's a good lass, and will let bygones be bygones once I've told her I'm sorry. It's the only thing between us, this silly habit of comparing her with my mother. Now I'm chucking it for ever, we'll be as happy as any couple under the sun."

No doubt they will. I have known many couples win wonderful happiness after some similar obstacle had been cleared away. But while so potent a cause of friction remains there is little hope.

Mr. Robert Holmes

Neglect of wives after marriage is another cause of matrimonial misery frequently brought to one's ears. I confess I have not much patience with husbands who speedily and completely forget the attentions and courtesies of courtship days. Their conduct savours of a selfishness not pleasant to contemplate.

A kiss should accompany every meeting and parting as naturally after marriage as before, and there should be as many mutual tokens of affection sprinkled over intervening hours as opportunity and temperament allow. Granted that there are wives who regard as neglect what husbands never intend to be taken as such, there must be something wrong with the quality of a love which, after marriage, ceases to express itself in tireless solicitude and caresses.

I WONDER often how wives find the heart to go on working every hour of every day to keep a home sweet and beautiful for husbands who never seem to notice how hard they toil. What multitudes of us men have much to be forgiven that way! And there are those among us who sneer and rage where grateful appreciation would better fit the case.

"When I got home last night," a working-man told one of his mates, "I found most of the furniture out of doors. My wife was spring-cleaning. I didn't half tell her off about it, you bet. But she looks me in the face, and says, 'Why don't you go and drown yourself?' That was a nice thing for a wife to say, wasn't it?"

His mate was unsympathetic. "Look here, Bill," he asked quietly, "why don't you take her at her word?"

IF I refrain from noticing here beasts to whom wives should not be asked to remain bound, or idle objects too hopeless to provide for their offspring, it is because I set out to deal with men, and I cannot recognise beasts and objects in my purpose to-day; which is just to suggest to the average man divers ways of escape from the position of impossible husband: a position which no sane mortal desires.

Robert Holmes

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

Love or Pension

"MY husband was killed in the war, leaving me a widow with two children. I receive the usual pension and allowances, and manage with care and by earnings from a little sewing done at home to make ends meet fairly comfortably.

"About a year ago I met a young workman who is a year my senior, and we have fallen in love. Unfortunately, however, through the bad state of trade he has been out of work for two years.

"We are both young, and therefore his eager suggestion of immediate marriage is a temptation to me to fling prudence to the wind, and to take him 'for better for worse.' But if I do, the consequences will be serious. I shall lose the allowances which I receive as the widow of a soldier killed in action, and since he is out of employment, the chances are that my children and I will suffer hardship."

"Humanist" says:—*There is no hurry. Let the young man get a job. He certainly ought not to complicate your life before establishing his own position. Young Lochinvar was a fine figure of romance, not necessarily a good example.*

Housing Horrors

"IT was after acceptance of my present post of Nonconformist Minister that I discovered how bad is the house shortage in this particular part of Scotland. Nevertheless, I kept to my word, and with my family of six, three sons and three daughters, I rented the only available house, a two-roomed horror of the type seen in Northern cities.

"Three months ago, driven to extreme measures by the impropriety of girls in their teens sleeping in the same room as their brothers, with the aid of a mortgage I purchased a six-roomed semi-detached villa in the suburbs, leaving the transaction to be completed by my lawyer.

"I now find that there is living in the house I have purchased a business man, with a big family of very young children, who has been ruined by years of trade depression. He has lost all his money, and is now almost penniless. Even if he could obtain alternative accommodation he would be unable to pay the rent.

"Now, whatever am I to do? As a minister and a Christian I feel that I cannot drive these people and their young children into the street. Yet the regrettable conditions under which my own family lives make me anxious both for their moral and physical welfare."

"Humanist" says:—*Why not put him into the house you are leaving? It does not so much matter, as his children are very young. In a year or two there may be better prospects both of trade and of housing.*

"Humanist" to its Readers.

THE MAN WHO FOUND HIS COURAGE

"IF this will help any other poor devil, then I shall be happy." This sentence is taken from a letter to "Humanist" from one of his countless readers, in which he tells how JOHN BULL helped him, and how he wants others to know, so that they too may be helped.

Here is the story in his own simple words. "I am not rich," he writes, "but I have found contentment—'Humanist'—through you. A year ago I was going to take my own life—as my father before me did his, jumping into the Severn.

"I was wounded in the war, badly knocked about, no pension, life was black, and I was out to finish it all. I sat on the Battery Point, looking into the water, when I found on the seat a copy of JOHN BULL somebody had left behind.

"I read a reply from 'Humanist' to another despondent devil, and I said to myself—if that poor devil can stick it, so can I. I have neither wife nor child, but a poor old Mother, and I will fight for her.

"I fought and won, Humanist. God bless you. This has been a year of peace. I have no morbid tendencies now, and am engaged to be married. I am started again at my beginnings."

"Humanist" gives these short extracts from this letter—with a real feeling of thankfulness, and in the hope, as the writer says, that it may help some other afflicted soul, like the footprints in the poem:

". . . that perchance another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again."

Longing for Home

"MY wife, who is of Italian extraction, has lived abroad practically all her life, mainly in Cairo and Malta. Her mother, who is aged, is at Malta, where we lived for some years during and after the war, when my work kept me in the Mediterranean.

"We have been in England for three years now, and although we can barely afford it, my wife wants to go back to see her mother.

"As we have two sons both under five years of age, it would mean breaking up the home and perhaps an indefinite wait and struggle to start a new one on her return, by which time I might be at the other side of the world, as I am in the Navy.

"The whole thing is further complicated by the fact that my wife's health seems to be languishing, used as she is to the Sunny South."

"Humanist" says:—*If you think that your wife's health would be better for a sojourn in Malta, obviously you must try to arrange it. A sick wife is a poor exchange for a retained home. If the health question did not arise it would be her duty to stay here. Perhaps you can make an effort to save both wife and home.*

The Bad Husband

"MY husband, a wealthy professional man, has just died. We had been living apart under a deed of separation for some years, as his infidelities, although glaring and incessant, were not, before the passing of the merciful Entwistle Bill, held to be grounds for divorce. Under the terms of our deed my husband agreed to provide me with a house, together with such furniture from our former home as I should select, and to pay me an allowance sufficient for myself and children.

"After our separation he took a flat, where he lived with a bewildering succession of young women. Then he was suddenly stricken with a painful, but lingering malady, during which his paramour of the moment prevented him from seeing any of our mutual friends. On his death I learnt that his last act had been to make a will leaving everything he possessed to this woman.

"My allowance, an instalment of which was due when my husband died, stopped automatically. I had to buy food for myself and the children with money borrowed from sympathetic friends. I received notice to quit my house, and an auctioneer appeared to take an inventory of the furniture, much of which had been personal presents to me since I parted from my husband.

"I at once instructed a solicitor to contest the will, on the ground of undue influence. On learning that I had not the means to guarantee costs in the event of losing my action, he declined to proceed with it.

"Humanist" says: *What it all comes to is that you have had a bad husband, and there is no way of eliminating that disaster. I can only say that I think some other solicitor would be willing to contest the will, and in any case, there is the Poor Persons Department.*

A Typist's Dilemma

"I AM a junior typist. The woman who runs the business has recently been ill, leaving the office in charge of the senior typist.

"This girl is engaged to a young man who has recently written a novel. I accidentally overheard her arranging with her fiancé to have his manuscript typed during office hours, and of course *free*.

"The next morning I was told that a special order had come in, to which I was to devote myself entirely—the typing of a novel which was urgently wanted."

"Humanist" says:—*Tell your superior what you heard and how you heard it, and inform her that in the circumstances you will not do a job unless you get a written order to do so. That will protect you, and you can also tell her that unless the job is paid for, you will report the matter. It will no doubt be paid for.*

A Mad Suggestion.

"Two years ago a friend pledged his name to secure me a lucrative appointment. I am shortly to be dismissed for incompetence and the only way to save my friend's name is to end my life. Am I entitled to do this?"

Of course not. The only thing to do is to make good in something else. Suicide would be a cowardly confession of failure.

The Power of Love.

"I am an unmarried mother. A man has offered to marry me on condition that I have my baby adopted and promise never to see it again. I love him, but I love my child too. What should I do?"

Appeal to him to take you both. If he really loves you he will not be so hard as to part you from your child. Love can bring happiness to you all.

The Mother's Tragedy.

"My wife wishes me to sell my home and go to America to my two daughters there—one married, one single. If I put my foot down and refuse, it means separation. She attaches great importance to your answers."

A wife's place is by her husband's side. Still one must sympathise with a mother, longing again to see her children. Could you not compromise by letting her go on a visit?

Suspicions of Murder.

"A murder has been committed in my district, and I believe I know who the murderer is, but I have no proof. Should I tell the police of my suspicions, and would the man be able to prosecute me if he turned out to be innocent?"

Unfounded suspicions are useless, and should be kept to oneself. But if you have a single scrap of evidence, however slight, you should tell the police and let them investigate.

Worse than Death.

"My daughter, aged twenty-one, has fallen in love with a negro and is determined to marry him. Nothing I say has any effect on her. Is there no way in which I can stop the marriage?"

Unfortunately, there is not. You are allowed to prevent a person from committing suicide, but you may not stop a marriage which is worse than death. This is English law.

A Fixture for Life?

"During the war a man did literally save my life. In gratitude I asked him to come and stay with my wife and me after we were demobilised, as he had no work and no home. He has been with us ever since and makes no effort to find work. Must we keep him for ever?"

It seems to me that you have more than discharged your debt. But remember that work is difficult to find. Give him one more chance. If he refuses a job when offered, turn him out.

Uncharitable Gossip.

"I adopted, when I was twenty, my mother's baby girl. When I married, I sent the baby back. Now my mother is old, and neighbours wickedly suggest that my sister is really my child. Should I take her altogether, relieving my old and very poor mother, but smirching my own character?"

Take the child, if you can afford it and your mother is willing. As to the neighbours, pay no attention to them. Remember the old saying: "They say; what do they say; let them say!"

Taking the Blame.

"My girl's brother has stolen money from our office. I am an orphan; he has an invalid mother. He asks me to take the blame to save his mother. If I refuse, my girl will leave me."

Under no circumstances take the blame for crime you did not commit. The girl may be very attached to her brother and mother—she is not, apparently, nearly so much to you. To bear one another's burdens is Christian charity; to go to jail for others' crime is quixotic folly. Don't let anybody take your good name from you.

Words Winged to Women

Daughters in Blinkers

by MABEL HORNER

ONCE more the country has been horrified by the discovery of a pitiful young victim done to death by man's sinful lust. Quite possibly in this case the murderer may be sexually insane. It matters not.

The point raised is that the list of such girl victims is steadily lengthening. Week after week we are harrowed by "startling cases" and "horrible tragedies."

Worse still is the hidden stream of misery that flows on unheeded. Tragic is the uncounted multitude of those girls whose lives are not ended, but blighted. They are blighted by ignorance.

And the folly cannot be laid at the door of the girls themselves. Youth is the time for adventures in love. Age alone knows where are all the dangers and pitfalls.

Most tragic is the fact that ignorance on the part of young and growing girls is only too often the result of most tender and sheltering parental love. Very naturally, mothers hate to sully their daughters' ears with bald statements of unpleasant truths. But the reluctance is folly of the most criminal sort.

For this is the bald truth: to confound ignorance with innocence is silly. To send out into the world girls ignorant of the great facts of life-reproduction is to invite disaster from the start. And to refrain from explaining the dangers of promiscuous intercourse is taking a risk which is simply amazing.

This is no world for prudery.

Prudery prevents the truth being told to children in a clean and wholesome manner. Prudery is "shocked" at the bare idea of sex hygiene being openly and decently taught in elementary schools, and leaves the children at the mercy of those whose only notion of love between the sexes is something to be whispered and mentioned with a snigger.

It is prudery that prevents the child inheriting its birthright to be told of the marvel and miracle of creation and procreation by the one person who can do it, the mother.

We want sex hygiene taught in schools, but the initial words which teach the girl the wonder and the sacredness and the miracle of sex should be spoken by mother.

There is nothing on earth that should be allowed to prevent this great confidence between mother and daughter. What rivers of tears have been shed—and will still be shed—by poor, misguided girlhood, just because that sacred confidence has never been established.

Let us remove the blinkers. Women are themselves to blame for this dire conspiracy of silence. Let but one woman dare to lift her voice to break it, and with what an avalanche of angry protest she is assailed!

Women, in this matter, are largely Polynesians.

In the Polynesian Islands certain subjects are taboo. Mention the thing taboo, and certain persecution follows. There is tribal ostracism. Later, the daring one will find himself the victim of an "accident" that ends in death.

Mrs. Grundy does not kill her victims. But she does treat them to social ostracism. Women have made sex tuition taboo. Now the sheer brutality of life in its worst phases is teaching us the unwisdom of this policy of too-nice silence.

Let women right the bitter wrong that past generations of girls have suffered. There is a right way and a wrong in which to set about the business.

Women can invest the subject with the purity and beauty to which it rightly belongs. They alone can effectually guard their girls.

Women can let the matter drift, or they can set the matter right. Which will they choose?

Whys for the Wise

WHY is it that some people never seem to have to face the same obstacle in life that beset *our* path?

Why does Smith down the street not worry about the rent problems and the business questions that must almost inevitably arise from the running of his shop?

We have difficulties to contend with in *our* business, problems that take the deuce of a settling. Smith must have them also. Yet he's always smiling.

* * *

Why does Brown manage to get his pension problem settled so easily? *Our* case is just as urgent as his, and yet there is always delay, always worry. Other ex-Servicemen are having the same trouble as we are, but Brown escapes apparently. Why?

* * *

Why does not Jones fall into the financial messes that *we* get into? What is his secret for steering clear of shady firms, swindlers, and the other pitfalls?

We are tempted to buy, and rush headlong into the thing. The result is we go down the street scowling. Jones comes up smiling!

Why does not Mrs. Robinson have the household trouble that *our* wife has? Mrs. Robinson's babies are bright and bonny. Her home is one of the kind we used to dream about. You should see *ours!* But why is it?

* * *

Why do these people escape the troubles, worries and problems of life?

They don't!

Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson and all the others are beset with them just as *we* are. But they treat them differently.

They don't believe in worrying too much over things they know can be solved by someone else. They write to JOHN BULL about their problems!

Our expert Advice Service gives advice and help on every subject under the sun. It costs you only—a stamped addressed envelope inside your query!

Don't live on the gloomy side of the street. Come over beside Jones and Smith in the sunshine! Let's help you out of your difficulties. Get rid of that problem.

Write to JOHN BULL about it, and catch the next post!

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

With laws like these men can with ease
Play such appalling tricks.
That one's afraid such laws were made
By budding lunatics.

When by a thread above their head
There hangs the naked sword,
It's surely wise to compromise
Till safety is assured.

To make quite sure this time to score
And run no risks whatever,
No single flag he means to wag
But all the lot together.

While other Mother Hubbards gave
The starving dog a stone,
This one is kind enough to find
Her starving hound a bone.

£150,000 PROOF *that* 'DUGGIE NEVER OWES'.

MY CLIENTS won upwards of £150,000 from me over Rose Prince and Verdict. My winning vouchers—like bank notes—were redeemed immediately. My office walls were papered with them after the Cambs. Thousands came and saw these proofs that "Duggie never owes."

MY resources enable me cheerfully to meet all obligations. Years ago I announced that £100,000 reserve was in my bank. Nowadays even that sum pales into insignificance! The Press has said that my "stability is as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar."

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Daily S.P. Business A SPECIALITY

Don't Delay, Post To-day.

DOUGLAS STUART

5, Drury Street, GLASGOW.

"Douglas Stuart rules an empire of satisfied punters."—

JOHN BULL.

Amazing Blunder of Plumpton

Jockey Found Guilty of Foul Riding but Gets 2nd Money

ONCE again has the punter been left in the lurch. Thanks to the amazing ruling of the Plumpton Stewards, most of the backers who follow the meetings will have to whistle for their winnings over Owen, which has been awarded the Sussex Handicap Hurdle Race by the N.H.C. Stewards.

After the race was won by L. B. Rees on Lionceau, F. Fitton, the rider of the second horse, Owen, objected to the winner on the dual grounds of foul riding and boring.

It was anticipated that Lionceau would be disqualified, but the local Stewards promptly dealt with the matter, and handed the following notice to the Press:

"Objection to Lionceau for Sussex Hurdle on grounds of foul riding and boring from the bend to the last hurdle. Also strictly foul riding against L. Rees round the back side first time round and from the turn, was made by F. Fitton, the rider of Owen. The objection was overruled and the £5 deposited returned. The Stewards were of opinion that there was evidence of foul riding and severely cautioned L. Rees as to his future riding."

Mr. Rhodes, the owner of Owen, was given permission to take the matter further, and, a week later, got the race.

The sequel is the suspension of L. Rees for two months.

I do not intend to comment at length, but after reading the ruling of the local Stewards it passes comprehension how they allowed the spoils to go to Lionceau. The man who has a credit account with his bookmaker will draw over Owen. The poor fellow who keeps the game going by patronising the racecourse will, in most cases, be unlucky.

Westmead and the Lincoln.

My tip for the Lincolnshire, Westmead, will go to the post one of the fittest horses in the field. At Lincoln, fitness counts. G. Walsh—one of our most capable jockeys—will ride, and in the hands of McCall, who sent out last year's winner, White Bud, the horse is undergoing a thorough preparation on the old Dunbar racecourse and sands.

A correspondent has reminded me that at the back-end of last season the horse was trained by Cottrill, and that it is unlikely that the man who prepared Granely for the race in 1923 would cast out another prospective winner.

I do not agree. Caligula was sold just before he won the St. Leger. Also Shaun Spadah did not win the Grand National for his original owner and trainer.

16 Points Up!

My code selections since January 1st—backed each way—show a profit of over 16 points.

"SILVER RING."

Crimson Dawn's Chance.

If you wish to cover your stake with an alternative horse, risk a little each way on Crimson Dawn. The horse belongs to Mr. Kenyon, who also owns Sir Greysteel. The former is trained by C. Davis and the latter by Bazley. I understand that Mr. Kenyon's horses are the most forward in the country, and that he expects to pick up a number of races in the early part of the season. Strictly on the book of form there is not much to choose between Crimson Dawn, Jarvie, and Morestel. In the Grosvenor Cup last November they finished:

		Lincoln weights.
1	Morestel 6st. 8lb.	(6st. 11lb.)
2	Jarvie 7st. 6lb.	(7st. 7lb.)
3	Crimson Dawn 7st. 1lb.	(6st. 13lb.)

Won by half a length. Neck between second and third.

Drifter's Bad Display.

I understand that Drifter ran ingloriously at Gatwick. As a result he has been knocked out in the wagering. I should not take too much notice of this running. Drifter was built to cope with the Aintree jumps and not park fences.

THIS WEEK'S RACING.

My selections for Cheltenham and Hurst Park appear below. If I find it necessary to alter any of these selections at the last minute, the revisions will appear in my daily code tips.

CHELTENHAM—Wednesday and Thursday
CLARKIA, ALCAZAR, FAIRY HILL II, ROCK ARROW.

HURST PARK—Friday and Saturday
DESERT ROSE, A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE, TELEPATHY, ROCK ARROW.

PADDOCK PARS.

The stake money for the Cheltenham races is over £9,000. This is without the value of the cups.

* * *

Owing to the disqualification of Dunober backers lose. Is this fair? Where you can't win you can't lose is the first rule of a wager.

* * *

After his bad fall on Annam, L. B. Rees had a couple of sniffs at a bottle of smelling-salts. The reviver acted like magic.

* * *

Twenty-five horses are likely to go to the post for the Lincoln.

* * *

Exit the proposed betting tax. Thank you, Mr. Snowden. It could never have been worked with satisfactory results.

FORECASTS FOR MARCH 22.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. I.

Home Winners.

*Arsenal, Blackburn, *Bolton, Everton, Huddersfield, *Sunderland, W. Bromwich.

Away Winner.

*Cardiff.

Draws.

*Birmingham v. Chelsea, Manchester C. v. Preston, *Spurs v. Aston Villa.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. II.

Home Winners.

*Blackpool, *Bristol C., Coventry, *Derby, *Wednesday, Southampton, Stoke

Away Winners.

*Leeds U., *Barnsley.

Draws.

*Palace v. S. Shields, *Hull v. Manchester U.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III (Northern).

Home Winners.

*Bradford, *Chesterfield, *Rochdale, *Rotherham, *Wrexham.

Draws.

*Barrow v. Walsall, Darlington v. Wolves, Doncaster v. Halifax, *Lincoln v. Ashington, *Tranmere v. Wigan.

THE LEAGUE—DIV. III (Southern).

Home Winners.

Gillingham, *Newport, *Northampton, Norwich, *Plymouth, *Swansea, *Swindon.

Away Winners.

Brighton, *Millwall.

Draws.

*Merthyr v. Luton, *Watford v. Portsmouth.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Home Winners.

Clyde, *Falkirk, *Hibernians, *Motherwell, Raith R.

Away Winners.

*Rangers, *Morton.

Draws.

Ayr v. Hearts, *Kilmarnock v. Airdrieonians, Partick v. Dundee.

[Above will be affected by Scottish Cup Semi-Finals.]

(For coupon purposes nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

Folly of Football

PROFESSIONAL football has again been in the pillory because of the transfer of a celebrated player from his club to a neighbouring one at a time when the latter badly need points to keep them in the First Division.

This has annoyed the purists and again has been raised the parrot-cry that professional Soccer is only a business.

It has never been anything else. It is just as much a business as greengrocery or grocery. This is why several clubs are nearly bankrupt, why others have big overdrafts at the bank and why a few more are wallowing in wealth. All have their prototypes in trade.

The Human Element.

There is this difference, however. The average tradesman when he goes in for a big deal is, nine times out of ten, assured of a profit. He deals in a commodity which in value is more or less stable.

The football club, on the contrary, is up against human element. Middlesbrough in two seasons have spent round about £25,000 in attempting to build up a team worthy of the club's reputation.

But what have they to show for it? Elimination from the Cup in the first round by one of the weakest teams in the Football League and the immediate prospect of a season in the Second Division.

Chelsea within a couple of months have given £10,000 for two players alone, and here is another expensive team not only threatened with relegation, but next to certain of it.

Eleven that Cost Nothing.

When West Bromwich Albion beat the Wolves in a recent Cup replay, the Midland club did so with a team that cost—what? Exactly nothing.

The Brighton side that beat Everton in an earlier round cost about one-fortieth of the Lancashire team.

The present Aston Villa eleven were nearly all discovered, so were the Bolton Wanderers' side. And I could name others of surprising cheapness.

In the face of this contrast, it is surprising that the made player can fetch such sums as £5,000 when it is remembered that his future value is problematical. Bill So-and-so might be a very fine player at Liverpool, but only a moderate one in London. He may not like the district, his comrades or his directors, and he plays as if he doesn't.

Lesson Not to be Lost.

The Football League will do nothing to arrest the growth of transfer fees. For the present unrestricted system it can be said it enables some of the poor clubs to live, but I think the human element will sooner or later keep the top price down to a reasonable limit.

No doubt the many expensive transfers Middlesbrough have been a party to in the last two seasons have been sound on paper, but most of the players acquired have certainly not done at Middlesbrough what was expected of them.

The defeat of their object of getting a good team by merely paying for it, and the comparative failure of other

Stewards

the Race

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Ranter.—Mr. Larkin's gelding was very unlucky not to win the Copthorne Selling Handicap Hurdle at Gatwick. After clearing the last hurdle he came with a rare burst of speed, but just failed to catch Sun Chap. Ranter is a certain winner soon.

Rousham.—Was my code selection at Hawthorn last week and obliged at the nice price of 6 to 1. He literally spread-eagled his field, and will win again if confined to races over two and a half miles.

Border Ranger.—In my opinion Border Ranger would have beaten Chartered and Noce d'Argent in the International Hurdle Handicap but for his tumble at the last jump. He is one of the best young hurdlers seen out this season and should never be missed.

White Thread.—This filly has been putting in some useful work at home, and should annex a hurdle race before the season ends.

Lightfoot.—Was a fence in front of the field when he came down in the Gold Cup at Sandown. His jockey remounted and might have won the Cup but for another fall at the last fence. Lightfoot will win soon at one of the small meetings.

Superman.—Enter this one in your note-book as an unlucky loser to Eureka II in the National Trial 'Chase. He had the race won when he slipped up at the final fence and pecked on landing. Superman is fancied in some quarters for the National, but, personally, I think three miles is as far as he cares to go.

Garson.—Poole will be winning a race within the next few weeks with the son of Santoi. The gelding fought out a desperate finish with Jack Hole at Hawthorn Hill and was just pipped by a better stayer. A very large field was in the rear.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Newcastle Journal, Sheffield Barty Bird, Glasgow Daily Record, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Bell, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool R. Express, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Newcastle Chronicle and Mail, South Wales Daily News, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Yorkshire Daily Post, Irish Independent, and *Belfast Bulletin.*

2 7 E Q U N 8 Y I

OO D X T G J 8 O F

L V R M 8 5 A P

Z H C K LL MM B W

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below, as the case may be.

3GWXCKBJ would read SUPERMAN.

This code will be changed in next week's John Bull. It covers the racing from March 12 to March 18 inclusive.

Hungarian.—A disappointing customer which, though apparently good enough to win any race he goes for, always seems to find one too good for him. He should be backed each way until he wins.

Valparaiso.—Has come on by leaps and bounds, since running down the course at Windsor. Should be noted for future engagements.

Adalew.—Won very easily at Hawthorn Hill and is always a safe bet when the going is heavy.

Prudhomme.—Was sent to Manchester with the intention of carrying off the Lancashire Trial Steeplechase. Unfortunately the meeting was abandoned Is very fit just now. "SILVER RING."

Finance

Has the Transfer Limit been Reached?

Players in other teams who have cost thousands of pounds, is a lesson, I think, that will not be lost.

International Failures.

Readers of John Bull will not be surprised at the defeat of England by Wales. I pointed out in a recent issue that we should not get together a good team until the selectors considered more players. A club reputation does not make an international.

The joke is that the Welsh eleven would probably be beaten by some of the First Division teams. Their victory does little more than illustrate the fact that we want a team built up mainly from new material.

Week-End Games.

The League matches that will be interesting this week-end are those that affect promotion and relegation. If Cardiff have not been deposed they should keep at the top of the First Division by beating Notts County at Cardiff. Chelsea are certainly "for it" if they cannot beat Birmingham at Stamford Bridge, but this will not do them any good if the Arsenal can, as I think they will, get a point against the Forest at Nottingham. I shall expect Preston to beat Manchester City, but even if Middlesbrough defeat Bolton they will remain in trouble.

Leeds United should consolidate their position in the Second Division at the expense of Fulham, but the game that will have most bearing on promotion is that at Bury, where Stoke appear. The home lot should win.

A Chelsea Winger.

It is not Bobby McNeill's fault that Chelsea have had a lean season. He has been one of the club's stalwarts ever since Chelsea got him from Hamilton Academicals before the war, and there has been no more popular player at the Bridge during the last three or four years.

McNeill is a typical Scot in his football. That is he beats his opponents by footwork rather than speed, and he centres off the line to the place where his inside men ought to be. He is also an adept at the triangle game, an art which unfortunately is disappearing from English football.

McNeill, who is a native of the Glasgow district, has the distinction of playing in both an English and Scottish Cup final, but, alas, on each occasion he was on the beaten side.

COUPS FOR THIS WEEK-END.

7 Home.—Cardiff, Leeds, Manchester U., Wolves, Wigan, Brighton, Millwall.

3 Away.—Swindon, Swansea, Rochdale.

3 Draws.—Notts F. v. Arsenal, Bradford C. v. Derby C., Boscombe v. Plymouth.

3 Home, 3 Away.—Cardiff, Wolves, Leeds, Hibernians, Rochdale.

1 Home, 1 Away, 1 Draw.—Cardiff, Rochdale, Bradford C. v. Derby C.

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AND
CHARLES VILLIERS
CHAPMAN
(Member of the leading Sporting Clubs.)

What the Press says:

THE SPORTSMAN.—"During the whole of his career as a Turf Accountant no unsatisfied claim has ever been made against him. He employs a large capital in his business, which enjoys a high reputation for fair dealing and integrity."

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100 Cheapside	200 Irish Light
100 Holy War	200 James Pigg
100 His Excellency	200 Mantes
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100 Rose des Vents	100 Double Escape
100 Serenade	100 A Ogour
100 Ulula	100 Gay Lochinvar
100 Victory Speech	100 Glengarry
66 Admirth	100 Newlands
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66 Gabrielle	100 Peter the Piper
66 Golden Hero	100 Square Up
66 King Pippin	66 Auchiarosie
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When toes, fingers or ear-tips burn and itch, gently massage them with Musterole.

Musterole's tingling warmth, derived from oil of mustard, quickly restores circulation. A clean, white ointment, Musterole has all the virtues of the old-fashioned mustard plaster, without its blister.

Use Musterole for aches and sprains, bruises, rheumatism, lumbago, sore throats, coughs and colds. (It often prevents pneumonia.)

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MILLER'S MUSTEROLE WILL NOT BLISTER

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CAN'T YOU EAT WHAT YOU FANCY?

That's due to weak stomach—indigestion! You need Bisurated Magnesia, as prescribed by doctors and used in hospitals. Quite harmless, but it positively prevents all possibility of pain or stops it instantly if it has started. Try Bisurated Magnesia *once* and see the difference at your next meal. 1s. 3d. at all chemists, and would be cheap at six times the price! When buying see the word "*Bisurated*" on the package, and get *the kind the doctors take themselves.*

AN INTELLIGENT WOMAN

Tells how She Darkened Her Grey Hair with a Home-Made Remedy.

Mrs. E. H. Boots, who darkened her grey hair by a simple home-made remedy, made the following statement:—

"Any lady or gentleman can darken their grey or faded hair, and make it soft and glossy with this simple remedy which they can mix at home. To half-a-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and ½ ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the grey hair is darkened sufficiently. It does not colour the scalp, is not greasy and does not rub off. It will make a grey-haired person look twenty years younger."

WHEN YOU CANNOT EAT

Your Digestion is Wrong.

When you cannot eat, and food does not tempt you, do not blame the food. You are not hungry because you are not digesting your food properly. The cause of this faulty digestion is impoverished blood. You can always get your blood into good condition with the aid of Dr. Williams' pink pills.

Read what Mrs. E. L. Stone, of 10, Rayfield Grove, Swindon, says: "For many years I was a victim of indigestion. Everything I ate gave me such intense pain that I dreaded meal times. I was low-spirited, and had no energy. I tried different remedies without result.

"Then my husband advised me to give Dr. Williams' pink pills a trial. By the time I had taken the first box, the pains began to decrease. I continued with the pills, and soon the pain went altogether. I felt brighter, and more energetic. Now I am quite well; all signs of indigestion have disappeared, and I can eat and enjoy my meals."

So begin Dr. Williams' pink pills now. Of all chemists, 3s. 9d. per box—nothing else is just as good.

FREE.—All sufferers from indigestion should write to "F. D.," Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W. 1, for a free copy of diet guide "What to Eat."

Our Letter Parliament

Who Should Own the Land?

Our Readers Air their Views on this and Other Subjects

At the Landlord's Mercy.

You are to be congratulated on breaking the conspiracy of silence maintained by all other papers on the Land question. All three political parties blink the facts, the inexorable working of natural laws. Every attempt to deal with housing, with unemployment or wage slavery, as well as every unit increase in population, means an increased demand for land, and can only result in placing the common people further at the mercy of the idle landlords.—*F. A. Wilmer, London, N.4.*

The People's Right.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner is right in his article on the Land question. The land monopoly is responsible for most of our social troubles of to-day. The land should rightly belong to the people, and not be the possession of only a well-blessed few. Will the Labour Government not tackle this question now? If *they* don't, who will? Surely it is essentially a problem for Labour—which represents the People.—*H. J., Norwich.*

Government Action?

Mr. Gardiner says that he has seen "the landowner growing rich by the energies of the people and the enterprise of the employer. He had done nothing, contributed nothing." He also says the Government should take the land "at a fair price." What would A. G. G. consider a fair price for "doing nothing?" However, so long as we "appropriate the land values to the service of the public which creates them," most of us will be satisfied.—*M. F. D., Purley.*

Mankind's Earth.

Nature having provided the earth for all mankind, it follows that land cannot be owned by a few, or justly bought, sold, or alienated. Equal justice can be met only by each tenant of the common estate paying into a common fund the economic rent of the portion of land held. Land values being people values (economic rent) created by the people, belong to them; these values are more than sufficient to provide all the common public services without any taxation on industry. Each has an equal right to life, and, therefore, to the use of natural resources.—*Fundamental, Flint.*

Human Sardines.

"The Cry of the Human Sardine" is one of the best articles you have printed, for it goes right to the heart of our biggest problem. It is good indeed to see JOHN BULL take up this question of Land monopoly. Why should the land belong to only a few people? It should be the property of the People, for whom, surely, God intended it. The Government should buy up half the number of large estates in this country—and there are enough—and resell them in small lots to the workers. In France, where the peasants own the land, happier conditions prevail.—*J. St. L. L., London, W.*

The One Hope.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner is quite right on the Human Sardine-Land Monopoly paragraph. Why not adopt Australia's method and send a Government Valuer and buy half the big estates and let the State have the value created by *settlers* or *smallholders* who pay by easy terms? We get nowhere by asking God unless we plant our feet in the desired direction, but there is illimitable quantities for us if we do something, instead of idling away our opportunities. Our Labour Government is the hope, and the Male Adult Suffrage Act is the key to position of voting in Parliament.—*Unemployed Steward, Southampton.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

An M.P. Reader on A. G. G.

"I should like to congratulate you on the article by A. G. G., 'The Cry of the Human Sardine.' This is excellent. I buy anything I see written by A. G. G., and that is really how I came to be one of your readers. This article is a real contribution to the Land Question and the social ills of to-day. I thank you very much.—*T. Atholl Robertson, House of Commons.*

Sardines and Slaves.

A. G. G. says "the wealth, which the activities of the public create, belongs to the public," and then he advocates taking land—at a price! Is there any value in land not due to public activities and needs? No land, no life. No life, no call for pastures, arable, coals, iron, oil, etc., etc., lands, so surely *all* value attaching to any land is a human value, and humanity entitled to 20s. per £. Does it not remain to be proved that the "account of heredity" entitles to appropriate even a penny of the value? As far as I understand it, the land of this country has never been alienated from the Crown, and if this is so, the Resumption of the Realm by the Crown is the right procedure.—*H. J. Bullivant.*

Vaccination.

Mr. Wheatley, Minister of Health, on receiving a deputation of the National Anti-Vaccination League, promised to "give careful consideration to the representations made." Does he intend merely to consult members of the medical profession who have made large sums out of this filthy practice of vaccination? Surely, in a matter of such importance he ought to appoint an impartial Commission to make a thorough examination of the facts in the light of present-day knowledge? This 100-years-old superstition must be scientifically investigated sometime. Why not now?—*Anxious.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie")

"ST. FRANK'S MAGAZINE":—"They walked into the front room where NOT A STICK OF FURNITURE COULD BE SEEN. Trackett DREW A CHAIR TO THE TABLE and pulled out his pocket-book."

"SOMERSET COUNTY GAZETTE" (advert.):—"Man wanted, Lady-day, to DRIVE HORSES, INDOORS or out."

"GIRLS' CINEMA":—"Thus his thoughts ran, as he watched Yvette drinking her wine, with ONE EYE on Raoul Fournier and THE OTHER REPLYING TO THE JOKES AND LAUGHTER and compliments of the crowd of students."

"ESSEX CHRONICLE":—"P.C. Hatton said the horse strayed with the cart, and TWO WOMEN IN PERAMBULATORS had to run out of the way."

"SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT":—"The BRIDE will be the biggest in the Empire, and will realise a dream which is a generation old at least."

"DAILY NEWS" (serial):—"Suddenly the savage's ACTIVITY CEASED and he LEAPT FORWARD."

"BOLTON EVENING NEWS":—"There was a keen frost, and the FULL TEN MILE COURSE was covered with TWO OR THREE MILES of snow."

Tell Your Daughters.

Mrs. Lee, London, states that the age of seventeen, not before, is the right time for mothers to tell their daughters facts pertaining to sex matters. But why delay the telling when a girl has attained the age of puberty some time before she has reached the age of seventeen? Present-day girls of fourteen years are not too young to have sex knowledge imparted to them, and the mother is the best medium through which this should be done.—*Mrs. K., Elgin.*

"Next, Please!"

Under the present system, many panel doctors have far more patients then they can conveniently deal with. The result is that surgery patients often have to wait for hours before receiving attention. It is most trying for people who are not feeling well to be herded together in one room for long periods, and probably retards their recovery. An overworked doctor is unable to give proper individual attention to each case, but must pass on to the next as quickly as possible. More panel doctors are needed to cope with the work.—*Reader, Highbury.*

The Poor Man's Car.

I was much struck by your contributor's suggestion that some British firm should place upon the market a Ford 10 h.p. type of car. There is no doubt at all that such a type would appeal to thousands who cannot possibly pay the present price for an ordinary Ford, and bring motoring within the reach of many a working man and his family. If this is not done by a British firm we shall see the Yankees stepping in and catering for this class. Why should not Britain be first in the field?—*Dalnadia, N. Ireland.*

Youth to Fight Profiteers.

Are the rings and combines here to stay? There is one direction in which something may be done either to crush them entirely or at least force them into more efficient channels, and that is by increasing the amount of competition. Greater opportunities for the young to start in business for themselves would certainly increase the number of competitors. At the present time, owing to the great difficulties of procuring the necessary capital, the young enthusiast has no real chance of showing his abilities.—*John P. Ward, Newcastle.*

Educational Ladder.

Re your recent leaderette "Wasting Wealth." A national system of compulsory education prevailed in Scotland in John Knox's time, a system graded from primary school to University, and providing for the *free* education of poor *but* clever pupils up to the University standard. An extension of this system is required throughout the country to-day for many of the best brains are to be found among the working-classes, whose children do not get the opportunity of climbing the ladder.—"*Higher Up,*" *Edinburgh.*

Better Police System.

Your comments on the number of murder mysteries seem to point out the necessity of a thorough reorganisation of the police force. The existing system of a separate police force for each county should be scrapped, and a new one established of a consolidated force controlled from headquarters, *i.e.*, Scotland Yard. All newly-appointed men should have to serve a number of years in one of the larger cities and afterwards be drafted to country villages when they are getting too old for the hard work of the cities.—*Planter, Forres.*

A Superfine Fancy Worsted Suit to measure for £3-10-0

Valued by our clients at £6-6-0 and even £7-7-0.

Read this extract from City of Bradford Corporation ANALYST'S REPORT on these SUPERFINE FANCY WORSTED MATERIALS.

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(Signed) for the Conditioning House,
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HERE IS OUR UNIQUE PLEDGE.

We will refund not only the full amount of your purchase, but 2/6 over and above that sum if we fail.

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If you cannot call personally our SELF-MEASURE CHART is unfailing. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your order carefully packed.

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FREE. The Patterns, Fashion Plates Measure Chart, are yours for the asking. Send us a post-card forthwith, when they will be sent per return.

WRITE OR CALL.

These calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

A PURE WOOL TWEED SUIT
TO MEASURE FOR
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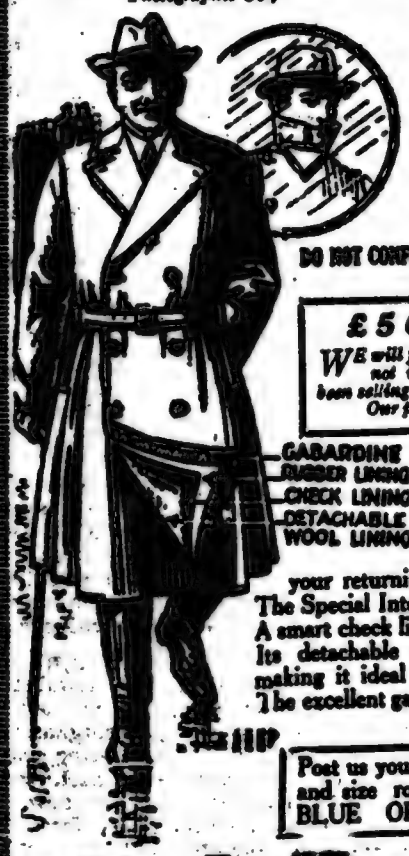
(The Famous Billiards Champion)
Dressed by Barry.
(Photo by Press and Publicity Photographic Co.)



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(The Famous 4-in-1 Model)

In either Blue or Fawn Shade for **32/6** Carriage Paid.

A COMBINED OVERCOAT & STORMCOAT, stylishly cut and finished, which has stood the test of time in the most inclement weather.

DO NOT CONFUSE THIS COAT WITH LOWER PRICED GOODS NOW OFFERED ON THE MARKET.

£500 GUARANTEE

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DETACHABLE WOOL LINING

The coat is actually sent on approval. If you do not consider it the very greatest bargain you have ever seen, return it to us at once, and we will refund not only your cash in full, but also the postage incurred by your returning it. We are the only firm making this offer. The Special Interlining renders it Stormproof. A smart check lining gives an attractive and dressy finish to it. Its detachable wool lining is removed in a few seconds, making it ideal wear both in cold and warm weather. The excellent gabardine shell is of sterling and reliable quality.

Post us your remittance for 32/6, giving us your height and size round chest over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

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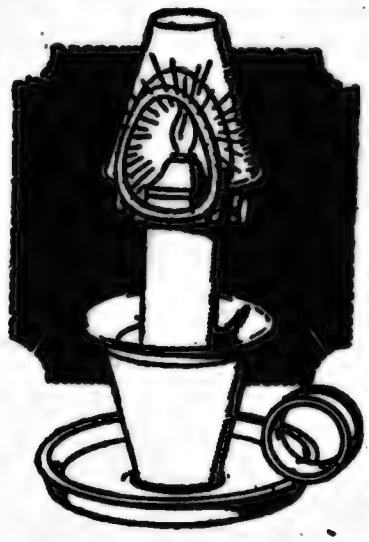
A "Candle" which never burns out!



The Aladdinette is a wonderful new lighting device which completely supersedes candles and nightlights.

It consists of three parts . . A hood or cowl which fits over the "candle" and protects the flame so that it will burn steadily under all conditions . . . the "candle"—a hollow metal tube with special wick running through it packed round with absorbent material. . . . The "candlestick," into the aperture of which paraffin is poured and immediately absorbed up into the "candle," so that the presence of paraffin is at no time evident.

It gives a steady, soft candle light without the inconvenience of falling grease, needs no cleaning or attention and will burn for 100 HOURS FOR A PENNY! Aladdinettes are cheap enough to burn continually wherever just a light is needed . . . Even so they will save their initial cost over and over again in a year.

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PRICE. **3/-** Postage and Packing 6d. extra. Cash refunded if not satisfied

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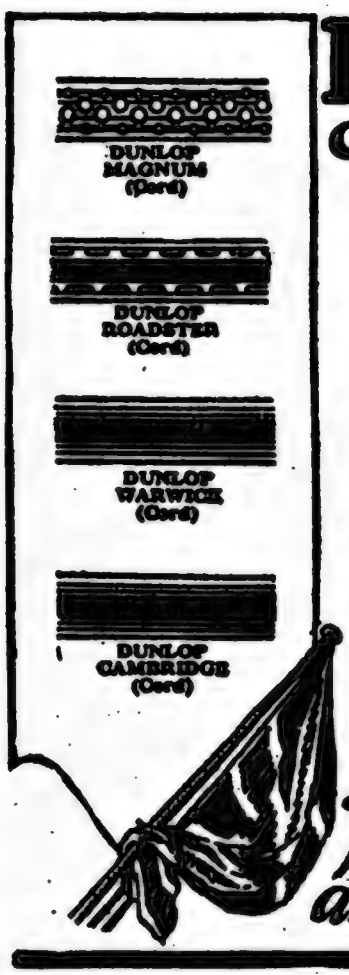

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are thoroughly British. Countless riders have proved them *best*.

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Dunlop Magnum (Cord) ..	13	6	5	0
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Beaded Edge Covers 1/6 each extra.

'fit Dunlop and be satisfied'

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£30,000 in Prizes

CLOSES 31st MARCH

Many a fortune has been lost by "waiting too long"—don't lose your chance. That very half-crown which is in your purse or pocket now may be the one to win £6,000.

Just 30 pence spent on a ticket may make you rich for life. *But act before it is too late.*

2/6 may win £6,000

Your money goes to help the Hospitals. The great sum of £30,000 has been presented by BOVRIL LTD. to cover the cost of the prizes, and all this money will shortly be distributed.

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Send 2/6 for a half-ticket or 5/- for a whole ticket to your local Hospital. Tickets are also obtainable from shops showing the "Tickets Here" poster, or

Post this Coupon NOW —Before it is Too Late—

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£30,000 Prize money has been given by Bovril, Limited, to help the Hospitals.

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£12,000
or two half-prizes of
£6,000
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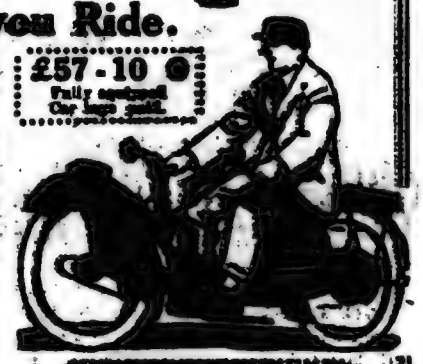


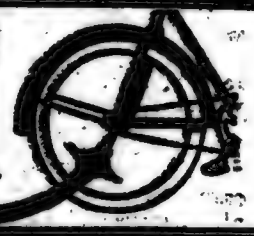
£57-10
Fully equipped
Car kept quiet.

THREE MILES FOR ONE PENNY.

The little part that helps a lot

STURMEY-ARCHER SPEED GEAR

Made from Sturmey-Archer Steam, Ltd., Nottingham.



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Each model is perfectly tailored by experts from fully proofed Gabardine with warm cosy check lining. SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS. Just your name and address on a postcard and we will send a full range of FREE PATTERNS, Style Book (Ladies', Gent's, Maids' and Youths') and an accurate self-measurement form.

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WE do not allow politics to interfere with our choice of a car, but if the possible understanding with France checks the continued depreciation of the franc, some well-known cars may cost us more.

That very popular sporty car "The Salmson" can be bought to day for £178. Next month an advance is threatened.

It is a car with a reputation on the track and on the road. A high-efficiency engine, overhead valves, magneto ignition, it is as fast as it is economical. With petrol getting dearer, the possibility of 45 miles to the gallon is attractive.

The body work is comfortable, smart and light. Superfluous weight has been taken away everywhere, and the wire wheels are just right for this type of car.

Assuming that one has no prejudices, in regard to the country of origin, it comes within our category of cars for the million.

IN my remarks on street accidents, a reference to taxi-drivers, who were carelessly included amongst other drivers of commercial vehicles, has been misunderstood. I was only trying to prove that congestion was the main cause of accidents, and that even good drivers got mixed up in them.

It is not entirely due to the preliminary test. It is largely due to his road sense and experience. If rigid tests are imposed as a condition of obtaining a driving licence, many of us who would rapidly become good drivers may never get the chance.

It is not in the learning stage where a driver meets his accidents, but when he is bold enough to take risks.

FOR a motor-cycle to be of full value to its owner it must be useful as well as ornamental. "Ner-a-Car" succeeds in both these requirements.

Its steering is on the car principle and easy to control; in fact, it is almost automatic. The front axle is pivoted on a drop forging which, being below the hub of the wheel, lowers the centre of gravity and hus reduces risk of skidding.

With its five gears I found that I was able to maintain a remarkably high average speed on that most switchback-like road between London and Cambridge.

I know of no motor-cycle that leaves so little travel-stain on the rider. The front mudguard is so constructed that not a speck of mud can be thrown on to the rider.

Further, all the mechanism is enclosed —a dual advantage: no oil is splashed up on to the rider's clothes; the machine is easily washed down with a hose pipe.

So far as running expenses are concerned, the "Ner-a-Car" is very kind to its owners. Its weight is 195 lbs: tax, 30s. It does 80-100 miles per gallon, which means—so statisticians tell me —less than one halfpenny per mile. And as the initial cost is only £57 10s., the "Ner-a-Car" is a proposition well within the reach of most people who contemplate buying a motor-cycle.

***

For further particulars of cars and accessories, send to Motomac to this office.

ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

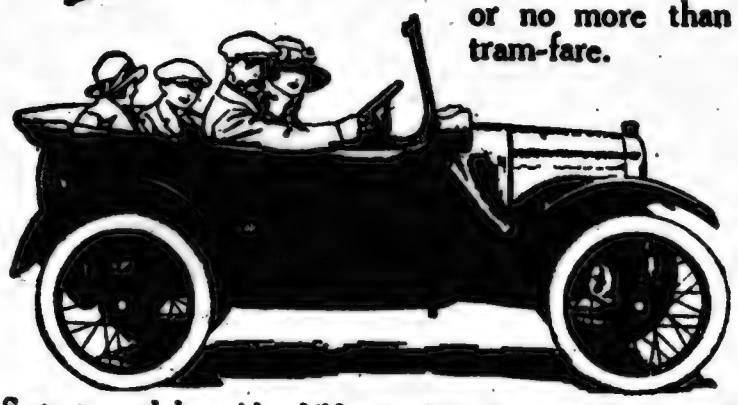
We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

Motoring at Tram-fare

The Austin Seven

Gives car comfort and protection at the price of a combination.

Running cost is under 1d. per mile or no more than tram-fare.



Seats two adults with children; has electric lighting and horn and complete all-weather equipment, spare wheel and tyre. The 4-cylinder engine is watercooled, three speeds are provided and brakes fitted on all wheels. Chassis lubrication is by grease gun. Electrical starter.

Ask for "Motoring at Tram-fare," depicting the car for shopping, business use, and week-end jaunts with the children.

PRICE £165

THE AUSTIN MOTOR Co., Ltd., Longbridge, BIRMINGHAM.
LONDON: 479-483, Oxford Street, W.1 (*near Marble Arch*).

—*for wheeling with that easy feeling.*

—fit your cycle or motor-cycle with a

BROOKS SADDLE

Send for a catalogue or ask your dealer to advise.

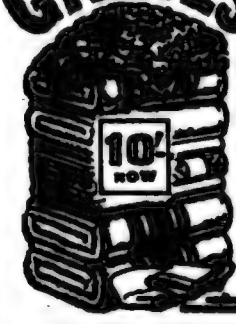
J. B. BROOKS & Co., Ltd., 92, Criterion Works, B'ham.

2/6 A WEEK, OR CASH £4 15s.

Buy direct from us and secure the advantage of FACTORY PRICES that save you pounds. JUNO Cycles are of the finest construction, workmanship and finish throughout. Beautifully plated, handsomely lined and fully guaranteed. Thousands of testimonials from delighted JUNO riders.

BRITISH MADE.
CARRIAGE PAID
GUARANTEE—Our 46 years' reputation. Money returned if dissatisfied.
Write for Free Cycle Lists now. (Dept. D2).
Metropolitan Machinists Co., Ltd., 163 & 243 Bishopsgate, LONDON W

GRAVES



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Unrivalled in excellence & value. Contains: 1pr All-Wool Blankets 1pr White Fleecy Blankets; 1 pair Unbleached Twill Sheets; 2 White Pillow Cases; 1 White Bolster Case; 1 Alhambra Quilt; 1 Lovely Wadded Quilt All warranted full double bed size. £4:10:0

Delivered to approved orders for 10/- with order, balance 10/- month. Money back if at all disappointed. Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

Ryders

SEEDS

SOWING TIME IS HERE.

RYDERS NEW SEED CATALOGUE for 1924 contains many features that will interest everyone who has a garden.

£1,100 in Prizes

The chief point of interest, however, is the Prize Competition. This is arranged so simply that everyone who has a garden can compete with very little trouble. Ryders customers who already have the catalogue are earnestly requested to order their seeds at once. The demand is so great that some of the Novelties will soon be sold out.

RYDER & SON (1920) LTD.
Seed Merchants,
ST. ALBANS.

CLOSING THIS MONTH
FOR
Half-a-Crown
YOU CAN BE
WHIRLED
INTO
HAPPINESS
By Winning the First Prize of
£5 000
IN THE
Blind Ballot

In aid of the National Institute for the Blind
(*Registered under the Blind Persons Act*, 1920)
UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE

Think of it! Five Thousand Pounds for five sixpences; and there are other wonderful prizes. £2,000, £1,000, and heaps more amounting to

£10,000 in Prizes.

Take as many tickets as you can afford, as the happiness of large numbers of Blind people depends upon the success of this Competition, and in doing this for the Blind you may bring yourself wealth beyond your wildest dreams.

Tickets can be obtained from
12, Oxford Street, Manchester: and from
The Hon. Treasurer, BLIND BALLOT, PALACE CHAMBERS, BRIDGE ST. WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1.

Please send me..... 2/6 Ticket(s)
I enclose { P.O. / Cheque } value ..... and stamped addressed envelope
Name .....
Address .....
.....
(Please write distinctly and in ink.) J.B.11.

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Advice Bureau. See page 21.

W. J. (Kilburn).—"Most of the eggs we eat come from abroad." And *all* we can't!

C. T. (Hitchin).—"Time flies." We've tried to, but the little beggars move too quickly.

F. Y. (Falmouth).—"The baker is not so black as he's painted." Nor so white as he's floured.

N. E. T. (Nuneaton).—"It behoves every parent to consider carefully the bent of his children." And bring them up straight!

GERTIE A. (Norwich).—"I don't know why people run down panel doctors, the one I go to is a perfect duck." Hope he isn't a quack!

R. D. (Sidmouth).—"Racing is about the only topic of conversation in barbers' shops." And no wonder. Look at the tips barbers get!

JAMES K. (Sale.)—"I am the bread-winner of a family of seven." Well, the number is lucky, and with seven of hearts you deserve to win.

A. M. L. (Reachwood).—"There are any number of small holders round here." Whereas, round *here*, they prefer the six-inch long amber kind.

B. B. G. (Lorne).—"Little did I think England would suffer a Labour Government." Your complaint is not unique—little do many people think.

G. L. S. (Clifton).—"When it comes to being "put wise," I take my cue from good old JOHN BULL." And, consequently, you're often in pocket.

M. N. (Pelthorpe).—"Every family should be sure of one square meal a day." That's true, but the trouble sometimes is to make it go round.

G. C. (N. 7).—"Would it be asking too much to expect the price of spirits to come down?" The one we're keen on reducing is the profiteering spirit.

J. N. O. (Bradford).—"A man finds it pretty difficult to battle his way through life single-handed." But he can make a pretty good fight of it if he doubles up his fists.

G. S. (Deal).—"To be successful, any corrective system for wilful boys must begin at the top." Don't you think that a little attention to the other end is sometimes advisable?

H. K. (Kew).—"My fiancé and I have had an argument as to how the name of the Gloomy Dean is pronounced." It rhymes with what you wear on the third finger of your left hand.

A. M. (Chingford).—"I think the saying:—'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown' is very significant to-day." Don't you believe it—no sensible king goes to bed with his crown on.

R. S. (Newcastle).—"To, can also be spelled two." Too, too.

W. H. R. (Tilbury).—"I am not a very able penman." Still, you're no jay.

E. R. (Lewis).—"I know I'm no writer." In fact you're not even right.

P. A. G. (Richmond).—"Should women powder in public?" Let the nose have it.

W. N. E. (Maidstone).—"You want 'pull' on the stage." Or "push" off it!

W. McL. (Alloa).—"Trust a Scot." He certainly is good at keeping things to himself.

W. P. (Bredon).—"Summertime should be permanent." The snag is that winter will butt in.

J. P. (Bramhall).—"How on earth do you find a wife in London?" Where did you lose her?

S. B. (Ewell).—"I've kept a family scrapbook for years." What a quarrelsome crowd you must be.

G. R. E. (Cheddington).—"I have no head for figures." Then you'd be no good at selecting a beauty chorus.

L. I. (Selsoe).—"I am right with you all the way." Then, so far as you're concerned we're obviously right.

T. T. (Tamworth).—"Will we ever be able to travel round the world in a day?" Not, we fervently hope, in our day!

T. S. (Brentham).—"The Britisher, as a buyer, is badly handicapped." Then we shall have to be entered in the selling race.

"MOTHER" (Deptford).—"I consider motherhood ought to be endowed." We hope the wish may be father to the pension.

Q. M. (Harringay).—"All actors should smoke for their nerves." We hope that some of them will one day smoke for their nerve!

R. G. N. (Saltaire).—"Only a very small fraction of working men habitually use bad language." And that's clearly a vulgar fraction.

M. R. D. (Motherwell).—"Servant girls are continually being victimised at the front door." And they themselves very often take in the milk.

P. E. (Redcar).—"Believe me, you needn't reply to all this." And, believe us, we won't.

D. C. (Egham).—"A man who bets is no good." And a man who doesn't is no better.

T. E. (Reading).—"Let us have a cheaper breakfast table." A cheaper breakfast is what we want.

J. M. (Stoke).—"Young couples should pull together." Always supposing they're not of a pushing disposition.

C. F. (Harlesden).—"My husband is never satisfied with the meals." Perhaps you give him the cold shoulder too often.

J. W. R. (Pitsea).—"What I don't know about a Capital Levy isn't worth knowing." Certainly what you do know isn't.

R. U. (Dover).—"A £1 goes nowhere nowadays." Still we managed to get one *intact* as far as the office the other day.

L. P. (Herne Hill).—"I am a wireless enthusiast for the following reasons." We have been obliged to shorten your wave length.

GEO. S. (Lon., S.W.).—"My sweetheart threatens to have nothing to do with me because she says I dress untidily." Press your suit.

D. S. R. (Shawlands).—"Girls only have their hair bobbed to attract attention." But wouldn't they attract more attention if they waved it?

F. H. T. (Tooting).—"Plays with tragic endings are becoming more popular." But there are some plays which never seem to end, unhappily.

P. P. (Birmingham).—"I see somebody has invented a three-wheel roller skate." Yes, and beginners should wear the extra wheel on the middle of the back.

J. L. (Letchworth).—"I firmly believe that character is clearly indicated by the handwriting." You can always tell an absconding cashier, for instance, by his slope.

R. O. N. (Hastings).—"My husband is above the average intelligence, and it is my constant endeavour to play up to him." So long as you don't endeavour to play him up—good!

N. O. (Whitby).—"The housing here is disgraceful." While here it's the lack of it that's disgraceful.

A. M. (King's Cross).—"I wish it were legal to kill bores." So do we. Still, you might try suicide.

C. S. (Mansfield).—"The cause always goes before the effect." What about a man pushing a wheelbarrow?

W. P. (Banbury).—"What local Councils need is more determination." More resolution and less Resolutions.

S. M. T. (Ludlow).—"Utility hens are not what they used to be." Of course not!—they used to be eggs.

S. S. (Sutton).—"I have been thinking of a word for two weeks and can't remember it." Try "fortnight."

A. N. (Plymouth).—"Germany is as prosperous as ever she was." Yet one of her chief industries is a dyeing one.

W. P. H. (Earlston).—"A woman's crowning glory is her hair." And her teeth. A miss is as good as her smile.

DORA K. (Willesden).—"Success at whist drives is largely due to luck." Yes; but a good deal depends on a good deal.

F. N. L. (Swanwick).—"I know several people who won the O.B.E." Be charitable and give them a chance to live it down.

F. J. (Hunston).—"Girls seem to be losing their complexions these days." The fastenings on handbags should be made more secure.

L. U. (Silsoe).—"Someone ought to teach the country to think sanely and logically." And we should expect you to be his first pupil.

M. M. (Dutton).—"It is only to please my fiancée that I am taking classes in drawing and painting." A clear case of art for Heart's sake.

J. D. (Barnet).—"The average of intelligence is higher in the country than in the towns." In the latter, of course, the population is more dense.

V. H. (Balham).—"They don't present you with very much garden round the usual suburban dwelling." Very little more than a yard, most times.

H. D. N. (Mitcham).—"Every girl uses make-up these days." And not only on the face. At a revue, a little powder covers a multitude of shins.

R. G. (Horsham). "This cold weather is a bad thing for us in the country." Get into the *Bulletin* "Big Five" and you won't care if it snows.

G. F. (Putney).—"How does a boxer know when he's lost?" If he's British, he doesn't know. Not even when they tell him, afterwards.

B. H. (Ashford).—"I am of attractive appearance, but cannot find a situation." Possibly because you're not quite such a good looker as you think you are.

J. M. (Elgin).—"Cannot the Government bring in a measure whereby a *bona-fide* sick person may have whisky at half-price." The mere thought makes us feel positively ill.

L. J. (Bradford).—"It is pretty obvious that the streets of London are not paved with gold." But on Saturday afternoon at Richmond the banks of the Thames are lined with fishers.

G. P. (W. 1).—"Poor people make a great mistake in buying everything in small quantities." And others make a greater one by not facing facts and making impossible suggestions.

(Many replies unavoidably held over).

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. ASQUITH: I am a back number, I am afraid.

As your daughter would say, "You have only yourself to blame."

* * *

LLOYD GEORGE: The Liberal Party remains the only choice between the anarchists and antediluvians.

Then it's in a parlous state, since neither have the least influence.

* * *

SENATOR HUGHES: America is the greatest law factory the world has ever known.

And not the first to discover that men cannot be made better by law and bye-law. Creation of crime defeats its own ends.

* * *

SIR H. SEYMOUR-KING: Prices are never better than when the House of Commons is closed.

Now you understand why we call middlemen robbers.

DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND: The Liberal Party is infinitely more dangerous than the Socialist Party.

Why don't you go on the Halls as a back-chat comedian?

* * *

LADY ASTOR: I am always frightened of being rude.

The trouble is you so often overcome your fear.

* * *

LORD LAWRENCE: Under certain conditions it is good business to reduce rates.

Remember that you are also conducting a public service. Railways are far more than a mere business concern.

* * *

M. RAKOVSKY: The recognition of Russia is complete and unconditional.

It is conditional, and thus incomplete. You talk too loudly and forget that a final settlement has yet to be made.

"I take my hat off to Carreras"

Made by Carreras Ltd. 130 Years Reputation

20 for 1/- OR IN HANDSOME BOXES 50 for 2/6 · 100 for 5/-

With traditional British caution, he had taken all we said with a grain of salt but his first packet convinced him that pure tobacco pure rice paper and a cork tip have put Craven "A" in a class all by themselves. You just try them

CRAVEN "A"

CORK TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

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GREAT SUIT OFFER. ORDER ONE BY POST.

EXTRA.
Boys' Suits in useful Greys. All Sizes Lounge Style.
SPECIAL VALUE 22/6 A/c. 20/- Cash.

WE WANT READERS of "John Bull"

to write for a nice set of "Burlington" Suit patterns. They will convince you that it is possible to buy a better suit from Catesbys for 52/6 cash or 57/6 easy terms than can be bought anywhere else on the same terms.

Think, then, of the advantage of securing a suit made of fine fabrics and fashionable patterns and tailored to your individual measures, at a price putting money in your pocket.

Isn't it worth while, therefore, to call and examine our offer or write for these free patterns and see what is in this offer? You cannot lose anything by it, but you can save a lot.

All you need do is to send a postcard to us, and by return we will send our latest style book, special patterns, our guarantee form, and a self-measurement chart that is so simple you cannot go wrong in taking your own measures.

Be sure to write to-day. **Bear in mind if the suit doesn't satisfy you in every way we return your money.**

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You can buy from our Boot Dept. best style Boots and Shoes (Men's and Women's), and we guarantee to please you or refund your money. Small Deposit puts the footwear at once. Write for free Boot Catalogue NOW.

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All the World Famed
BICYCLES

The pick of the Coventry makes in the easiest of all Easy Payments—Best Tyres, Three Speed Gears, Superbly finished £4/10/0 —from Swift Rovers Triumphs, Court Royals Bantam, Premiers. Write now for Free Lists to—GEORGE WEBB (Dept. 39), Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.

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Give Baby Comfort

FROM 1/10 WEEKLY

Cash, £2 19s. 6d. Secure a magnificent British-made "JUNO," sent carriage paid on approval. Guaranteed by our 46 years' reputation. Money returned if dissatisfied. Write for FREE LISTS NOW! (Dept. DS), Metropolitan Machinists Co., Ltd., 168 & 246, Bishopsgate, London, E.C. 2.

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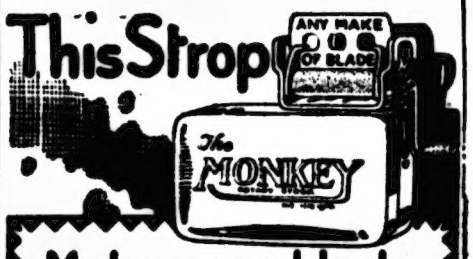

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and means that every day you get the same shave of smooth, keen, velvety perfection. It saves buying new blades and reduces the cost of your shaving to practically nil. Just drop in your safety blade—SAFETY or ANY MAKE—a few turns of the handle and you get a keen perfect "Razor's" edge on both sides of blade. We guarantee money back if dissatisfied. 52,000 in use. IMPROVED MODEL. Complete with Nickel plated Case 5/6

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ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

COMPANY MEETING.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

SATISFACTORY PROGRESS IN ALL BRANCHES

INCREASED BONUSES

The annual general meeting of the Prudential Assurance Company, Limited, was held on Thursday, March 6th, 1924, at the Chief Office, Holborn Bars, London, Mr. A. C. Thompson, the Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Secretary, Sir George May, K.B.E., having read the notice convening the meeting and the Auditors' report,

The Chairman said:—Ladies and gentlemen,—It is my privilege to present to you this afternoon a record of the progress of the Prudential during the 75th year of its existence. It is within the knowledge of all of you that the general trade conditions in the British Isles have been far from satisfactory, unemployment being deplorably heavy; these factors have inevitably had an influence upon the new business done by the Company. The position revealed, however, by a close survey of our accounts, will, I feel sure, prove very satisfactory to our policy-holders, our staff, and yourselves.

TOTAL INCOME OF THE COMPANY.

The total income of the Company during the year from all sources was £33,6.9,266, a considerable increase over that for 1922, and it is interesting to compare this total, the highest yet recorded by us, with that at the end of each 25 years of the Company's history. The figures are as follows:—

In 1873, after 25 years, the total income was	£477,355
In 1898, after 50 years, the total income was	£9,029,192
In 1923, after 75 years, the total income was	£33,699,266

The analysis of the income for 1923 is as follows:—

Premiums, Industrial Branch	£14,887,348
Premiums Ordinary Branch	9,798,511
Premiums, General Branch	937,683
Consideration for annuities granted	143,467
Interest and Dividends	7,338,965
Payment received for administration of the Approved Societies	663,292
	£33,699,266

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.

In the Industrial Branch the increase in the premiums actually received was £500,760, this being equivalent to nearly £10,000 per week.

ORDINARY BRANCH.

In the Ordinary Branch the increase in the premium income was £112,921, and the sums assured under new business reached the very high figure of £12,112,425. Although this amount falls short of that for 1922, it is almost double that obtained in the year before the war. The number of policies issued in 1923 was 73,831, producing an annual premium income of £888,806, and the average sum assured per policy is nearly twice as much as under the policies issued 10 years ago.

The interest income I have quoted is the gross amount earned by the Company, and exceeds the corresponding figure for 1922 by about £600,000. The net interest income in the two branches represents on the Life Assurance Funds a rate of £4 13s. 9d. per cent. for 1923, as against £4 9s. 9d. per cent. for 1922; the increase thus shown is a happy augury for future bonus prospects of participating policy-holders.

CLAIMS.

Coming to the other side of the account our total disbursements under our insurance contracts were nearly £13,500,000, this being about £500,000 more than in the previous year. In both the Industrial and Ordinary Branches the mortality experienced was favourable, and in spite of the fact that the sums assured at risk were greater, the death claims in each branch have appreciably decreased.

VALUATION REPORT.

Having dealt with items of the revenue accounts of the Company, I now come to the valuation report. The total liability of the Company under its contracts in all three branches, as ascertained at the valuation, is £146,480,838, which exceeds that of 1922 by nearly ten million pounds. This increase represents that portion of the excess of income over outgo, which, by the bases of our valuation, it is necessary to reserve in order that the Company may be able to meet the claims as they emerge.

The distribution of the liabilities among the three branches is as follows:—

Ordinary Branch	£67,324,460
Industrial Branch	78,229,915
General Branch	926,461

In the Industrial Branch the valuation basis has this year been materially strengthened by changing from the English Life Tables Nos. 3 and 6 to No. 8, which is the latest available exponent of population mortality. The rate of interest has not been altered, but remains at 3 per cent., which is considerably below that realised on the Assurance Fund. The reserves now held are beyond effective criticism, from whatever quarter it may be directed, and set a standard which previously has not been approached in Industrial Assurance in this country.

The valuation report shows that the surplus in the Ordinary Branch is £2,428,648, the highest yet recorded, and in the Industrial Branch £2,534,013. The total amount of surplus to be dealt with in the two life branches was thus £4,962,661, and of this £1,000,000 has been transferred to the Investments Reserve Funds—that is, £500,000 in each branch—and £250,000 has been added to the Common Contingency Fund. Of the balance £1,576,022 has been allotted to our Ordinary Branch policy-holders as bonus on the original sums assured under with-profit policies, £906,650 has been allocated to Industrial Branch policy-holders, £675,000 to holders of fully paid shares, £227,642 to the outdoor staff, £179,152 has been carried forward in the Ordinary Branch, and £146,195 in the Industrial Branch.

ORDINARY BRANCH BONUS.

Last year, in commenting upon the increase of 6s. per cent. in the Ordinary Branch bonus, thus making it up to the 32s. per cent. which we were able then to allot to with-profit policies, I held out a modest anticipation that our pre-war rate of bonus would soon be reached. Our more sanguine hopes, however, have been realised, and we have been able this year further to increase the bonus by 6s. per cent., that is to say, from 32s. per cent. to £2 per cent. This leaves the highest pre-war rate of 36s. per cent. far behind and marks the setting up of a fresh Prudential record.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH BONUS.

It may be remembered that last year I announced that we had decided to make a further and important development in Industrial Assurance by introducing a scheme of reversionary bonuses, similar to that operating in the Ordinary Branch, in respect of all Industrial Branch policies effected on and after January 1, 1923. In accordance with this decision, we are able at the end of the first year's working of the scheme to give a reversionary bonus, vesting after 15 years, of 25s. per cent. on the sum assured; should a claim arise after 5 years and before the elapse of 15 years from the date of the policy, it will share in any interim bonus which may be declared. In regard to policies effected before January 1, 1923, we are able to increase the sum assured payable on a claim, either by death or maturity of endowment, arising between March 7, 1924, and the same date in 1929 by the following percentages:—

After 10 years' premiums paid	—	£5 per cent.
" 20 " " "	—	£7½ "
" 30 " " "	—	£10 "
" 40 " " "	—	£15 "
" 50 " " "	—	£20 "
" 55 " " "	—	£30 "
" 60 " " "	—	£40 "

These bonuses include those declared last year, but, as you will notice, are guaranteed for five years instead of for three years as was the case in 1923, or for two years as in 1922. This progressive increase in the period over which the bonus is guaranteed is in pursuance of the policy which, three years ago, we instituted in order that the bonus should, in the course of time, become permanent and not be dependent solely upon the profits emerging in a particular year of account.

EXPENSE RATIO.

The surplus disclosed by the valuation has arisen partly from improvement in mortality, partly from the satisfactory rate of interest now being realised on the assurance fund, and lastly from the economies effected in the cost of administration. The reduction in expenses as expressed by the ratio of expenditure to premium income has been one of our chief concerns for the last ten years, and our expense ratios for the last four years have been as follows:—

1920	40.50	per cent.
1921	36.92	"
1922	36.12	"
1923	29.74	"

The rate of expense is now for the first time below 30 per cent., and permits us once again to revise our benefits in favour of our clients. With the advent of the Industrial Assurance Act and the raising of the maximum benefits which legally can be granted in Great Britain under assurance contracts on lives under ten years of age, we have taken the opportunity completely to revise our Industrial Branch prospectus. This new prospectus is a considerable improvement on previous issues, and contains a set of weekly and monthly tables which embody Industrial Assurance policies in their simplest forms combined with more favourable benefits than it has hitherto been possible to grant under this class of life assurance policy.

GENERAL BRANCH.

I will now deal with the results shown by our more recent development, namely, the General Branch. I am again able to report still further extension in the business of this branch, the premium income having increased by £121,979 to £937,683. We look forward to a continuous increase in the General Branch premium income, so that before very long the Prudential habit of thinking in millions will be extended to this branch. I have at a previous meeting expressed our determination to accept only the highest class of risks and have emphasised the difficulty of pursuing such a policy, and at the same time of acquiring a substantial increase in premium income. You are aware that with trade conditions as they are at present there is a decided tendency for the claim ratio to move in an upward direction, and it is therefore particularly gratifying to me to be able to report that in 1923 our claim ratio was 40 per cent. as against 44 per cent. in 1922. The Marine Account again shows healthy development. At the end of the year the fund amounted to £501,808, and the results achieved justify in every way the arrangement with the Royal Exchange Assurance by which they underwrite these risks on our behalf. It has again been thought advisable to carry to reserve the whole balance of premium income remaining after all disbursements have been made.

INVESTMENTS.

With regard to our investments, I am happy to be able to report an entirely satisfactory position. The whole of the Stock Exchange securities have been valued on the basis of market prices as at the end of the year, and you will be gratified to learn that the book values, in the aggregate, will stand at a figure which is below the market value, and this is true also of our total assets. In these circumstances, our Investments Reserve Funds, which now amount to £3,000,000 in the Ordinary Branch, and £2,250,000 in the Industrial Branch, are entirely available for meeting any depreciation which may occur in the future. The necessity for keeping these funds intact and for making additions to them from time to time is, I think, self-evident. If any argument were needed one has but to reflect upon the magnitude of the assets that we possess and upon the experience of the past, which reminds us of the sensitiveness of prices to ever-changing political conditions at home and to the international situation.

The result of our investment operations during the year has been to produce an average yield on the net new investments of over 6 per cent. before the deduction of tax. In selecting securities for purchase, we have never lost sight of that high standard of quality which it has always been our policy to maintain, and this being so, I think you will agree that the yield obtained is gratifyingly high.

Of our total assets, 77 per cent. is invested in Home securities, 15½ per cent. in Indian and Colonial securities, and 7½ per cent. in Foreign securities. Of our Stock Exchange investments, 57 per cent. are represented by British Government Loans.

PROFIT SHARING SCHEME.

I should like now to deal with a matter which, although not of immediate importance, is one to which we may have to give attention at a later date. I refer to the scheme by which participation in the profits of the Company was given to policyholders in the Industrial Branch and to the outdoor staff. Your directors have on many occasions allocated large sums from the profits of the Company for the benefit of the policyholders, and such actions and recommendations have always met with your cordial support. Until 1907 the method adopted had been to take these amounts from the profits before the dividend to shareholders was determined; in that year, however, it was thought desirable to systematise that which in previous years had been done in a more or less haphazard way. In consequence, we instituted our profit-sharing scheme, whereby the distributable surplus, after payment of 10s. per share to the holders of fully-paid shares, is divided into six equal parts, of which four parts go to the Industrial Branch policyholders and one part each to the outdoor staff and to the shareholders.

We have, as you know, as the result of an appreciable reduction of the expense ratio and the higher interest yield obtained on the new investments, considerably increased two of our main sources of profit. We feel that as there is every prospect of the increased profits from these sources continuing for some time to come, and as, in consequence, a fresh era of prosperity for us appears to have begun, it would only be consistent with our declared policy to give ultimately a greater proportion of the increases in profit to our policyholders. It is our intention that the policy adopted in 1907 whereby the outdoor staff participates equally with the shareholders in respect of the allocation of bonus should be maintained, the variation of the scheme merely affecting future increases in profits, of which it is suggested a still larger proportion should be allocated to the Industrial Branch policyholders. It is, therefore, probable that in a few months' time the directors will call you together again and submit a revised scheme for your consideration.

THE FUTURE.

In regard to the future, I can with conviction express my confidence in the ability of the Prudential to uphold the position which it now occupies in the insurance world. It should in this connection be remembered that our fortunes are inseparably bound up with those of the nation, which is passing through an exceedingly troubled period. I have, however, a supreme faith that the people of this country will continue to display the same wonderful spirit of unity which has in the past always characterised their actions in the hour of emergency; given this spirit, a solution for our national difficulties will be found, and nothing can then prevent the acceleration of Prudential progress. Difficulties there will be again, but, fortified by the unswerving support of our staff, by the knowledge that our aims are just, and in the belief that our efforts are wisely directed, we have every confidence in the continued progress and success of the Prudential.

GHOSTS OF HAPPY HOMES

MAY we show you a few more of the wonders of our Real Home Exhibition, to which we referred last week?

We cannot lead you through a delightful hamlet of happy homes, as at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, but we can show you something that will make home interesting, nevertheless.

Let us give you the best. It is a wooden hut of the sort built for the temporary accommodation of troops during the war.

The rent is 7½s. 6d. a week, and no allowance is made by the landlord for the fact that a quarter of a ton of coals weekly would be necessary to keep the place at anything like a comfortable temperature.

The present occupants of this shanty are an ex-Service man and his wife and family. He was wounded at Wipers, but he draws no pension. He is out of work, and his total weekly income is 23s. unemployment pay and 7s. Guardians' relief.

The hut is the ghost of a happy home. The furniture has nearly all been sold, except for a few things that nobody would buy. They are desperately in need of clothes, and the man goes without meals in order to save enough to buy second-hand boots for the children. He bears an excellent character, but he hasn't a suit of clothes fit to go to work in, if he could get a suitable job.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund was his last hope, and it did not fail him.

Help us to help more of these desperately pitiful cases.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

H. E. 2s.; "P.O.D.21." 2s.; Anon., Ld., F. C. Young, 1s. 6d.; E. F. B. 2s.; "Anon," 5s.; John L. Reyes (East Toledo), 5s.; A. Sutton, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Gee, 1s.; Lotte, 10s.; H/C-op. Tyne, 1s. 6d.; Olive Rocky, 2d.; "Winner 257 Bullets," 10s.; Sonata, 1s.; Miss C. Solomon, 2s. 6d.; W. Perry, 2s. 6d.; E. B. Hound, 1s.; H. E. May, 1s. 6d.; Newport, 2s.; "100," 1s.; J. R. Carnarvon, 10s. 6d.; F. M., 4s.; A. C. Cronin, 2s.; A. H. (East Ham), 1s. 3d.; Alex Lamberton, 1s.; C. F. Correll (Bath), 2s.; S. S., 1s.; L. Brown, 1s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Manchester, 1s.; E. F. Bennett, 1s.; J. W. Bass, 5s.; "Mason O.," 2s. 6d.; "Welfitted for Deserving Children," 4d.; J. O'Connor, 1s.; "Grimsby Gray," 2s.; F. B. Watkins, 2s.; A. Miner's Ninth, 1s.; Recent Bullet Winner, 10s.; "H. A. B. (Preston)," 10s.; G. Hook, 1s.; Harry and Eva, 5s.; Oakfield, 1s.; F. Mosley, 2s.; Manchester, 1s.; A. Cheerful Giver" (Kidderminster), 2s.; W. E., parcel; Sympathizer (Kelso), 10s.; "A same Friend from a Friend, 10s.; W. Powell, Wisecock, 10s. 6d.; E. McWhirter, Winner 511, 10s.; Ninth of Bexhill, 2s.; C. H. Smith, 1s.; W., 2l.; G. Oberg, 2s.; J. W. Pinkney, 1s.; "Waterloo," 2s. 6d.; Tin (Dundee), 1s.; E. M. A., 1s.; Bath, Cardiff, "21," 1s.; E. M. A., 1s.; Sa.; W. Cady, 1s. 6d.; Burling, 1s.; E. A. L., 2s.; W. Cady, 1s. 6d.; J. Yorkston, 2s.; O. Moon (Clapton), 6d.; M. Smart (Pitlo), 2s.; Mrs. Pugsley, 1s.; "Every Little Helps," 1s. 6d.; A. D. C., 7s. 6d.; P.O. Service, 2s.; M.B., Ilkley, 2s. 6d.; W. C. Edmunds, 5s. 6d.; A. Otter, 1s.; H. S. W., 2s.; K. Purkiss, 2s.; A. Pleasure, 1s.; W. Shelton, 1s.; "Adv.," 1s.; Ivor John, 2s.; A. (B.C.), 10 cts.; Miss E. J. Hibbard, 7½d.; H. B., 6d.; "Symgetting," (Midhurst), 2s.; W. G. P., 1s. 6d.; E. A. B., 1s.; A. Reader, Ilfracombe, 6d.; A. E. Footit, 2s. 6d.; R. A. Mather, Watford, "2s.; J. Dillon, 2s.; E. L. (Mentcliff), 2s. 6d.; F. S. (Lambeth), 1s.; Misses W. and E. Spencer, 2s. 6d.; Westray, 1s.; Mrs. W. Hester, 1s. and parcel; A. McH., parcel; "Top Tight, R. G.," parcel; "P. J. Dodd, Hampstead," 2l. 2s.; Rev. C. Rest, 2l.; My Ninth, Jack, 5s.; "Mation Mowbray," 2s.; "Inasmuch," 2s. 6d.; "Competition," 2s.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 517.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE
WITHOUT AUTHORITY
FINDING THE FAMILY
INDISCREET
TIME TO STRIKE
OUR DRINK
HOUR OF TRIAL
MY FAULT
HIS MASTER'S VOICE
STOLEN SWEETS
BROUGHT TO BOOK
FREE AND EASY
SHOPPING
LIGHT AND DARK
PICTURE OF INNOCENCE
CAPITAL PUNISHMENT
CHANGING HIS COAT
SCRIBBLE MAD
WHY SHE BROKE
NO LOSS

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, APRIL 3rd. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 517 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 517, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 516.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 516.

THE GOVERNMENT'S DUTY
WHEN TESTED
WORRYING
FROM GERMANY
DRIVEN TO WORK
MORE DAYLIGHT
WITHOUT HER
TOUCH AND GO
GOLDEN DREAMS
MY HUSBAND
IN THE SPRING
RETIRED HURT
PRESENTING THE BILL
MY IDEAL
FAMILY LIFE
WHY SHE WAS LATE
TOO OLD
WITHOUT FUNDS
IN HER FAVOUR
HAPPY FATHER
A BIT FISHY
FAR FROM HOME
A CERTAINTY
OUR TOBACCO
WE DON'T CARE
ALL OF A SUDDEN
NOT LONG AGO
FOR TWO PINS
WHAT MOTHER THINKS
SPIDER'S WEB
SILLY GAME
UNMOVED

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed: then give any **Two, Three or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—FAIR PAY *Bullet*:—FOR MANY SERMONS—BUTTON. *Example*:—MY AMBITION *Bullet*:—ONCE HOLIDAY—NOW WORK. *Example*:—MAKES US THINK *Bullet*:—"SCALES" REMOVED FROM SIGHT. With one coupon send postal order for 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 516, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Closing Date, Thursday, March 20.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(516) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, March 20.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(516) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, March 20.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(516) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £3, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 516 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 513 can now be seen in the window of Mr. Lee, St. Johns Post Office, Spring Road, Ipswich.

The result of "Bullets" Competition No. 514 will appear next week.

When you push on to the crowded bus, you gather germs from the dozens of hands that have grasped the bus-rail before you. The germs you gather may not affect you, but they may mean sickness to the loved ones in your home.

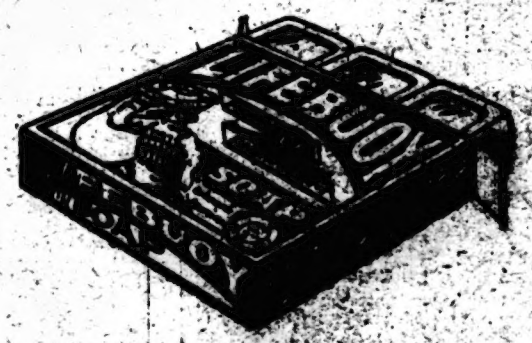
Don't carry contagion home

KEEP Lifebuoy Soap at the office or works and wash with it before you leave. Have it at home and rid yourself of the grime and germs of the crowd. Lifebuoy is a safeguard to your family and a protection to yourself.

Doctors tell us that most disease germs are transmitted from the hands through the mouth, so there's nothing far-fetched in saying that clean hands are essential to health. Antiseptic cleanliness can be gained by using Lifebuoy, the great health soap.

The name LEVER *on soap is a guarantee of purity and excellence.*

LIFEBUOY SOAP



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